THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVI.—No. 1380]
MAY 28, 1930
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The BYSTANDER

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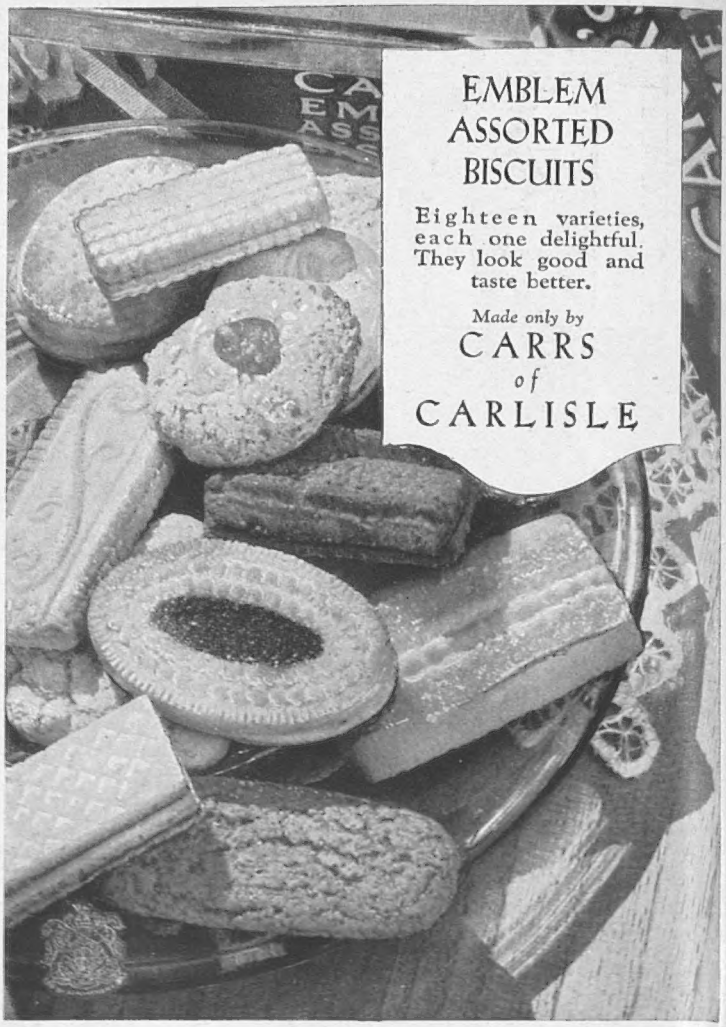

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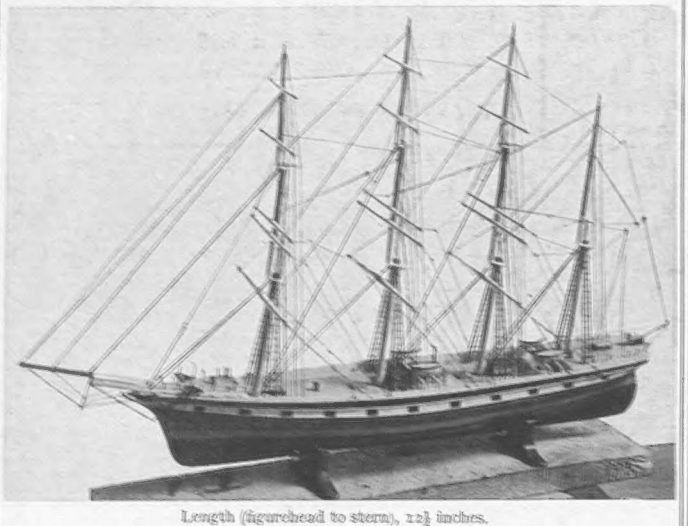
A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery has the pleasure to announce that the first copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's new model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are now ready. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price will be Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" will be booked and executed strictly in rotation, and early application is therefore most advisable. "Loch Torridon" has been selected on this occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES *(See page 458)*

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 458, write your solutions in ink on the form provided below.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

Cut out along here

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 9

I IDENTIFY

51 As .....
52 As .....
53 As .....
54 As .....
55 As .....
56 As .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

May 28

Cut out along here

The Bystander, May 28, 1930

No. 1380. Vol. CVI

The BYSTANDER

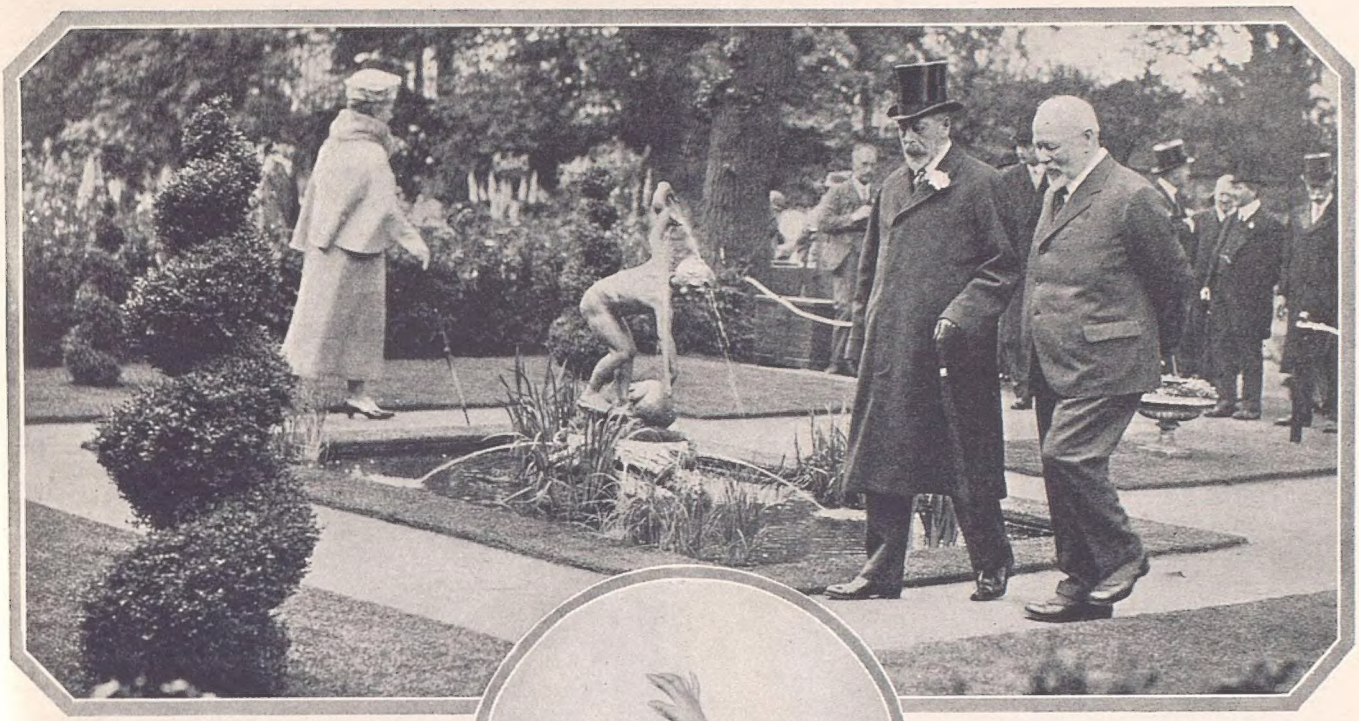
Janet Jevons

MRS. ALEX McCORQUODALE

Wife of Mr. Alexander George McCorquodale, a leader of the younger set in London Society. She designed all the dresses for the "Britain and her Industries" pageant for the Empire Ball, which took place at the Albert Hall last Monday. She has also written a number of novels under the name of Miss Barbara Cartland

ASHLEY
DEWARS
WONDERFUL
WHISKY—
"White Label"
ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY—"VICTORIA VAT"

The Passing Hour



Central News

Last week the King and Queen, together with the Duke of Gloucester, were present at the private view of the Chelsea Flower Show. Their Majesties are seen above walking round one of the ornamental gardens, the King being accompanied by Mr. G. W. E. Loder, President of the Show. His Majesty paid special attention to a display of carnations, declaring that they were his favourite flower, while later he complained that he was having great trouble at Windsor Castle with the weeds

Douglas

Miss June Buckley, aged ten, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Buckley, who will take the part of a doldrum in the play, "Winds," to be produced in aid of charity at the Rudolph Steiner Hall on Friday and Saturday next

International Trial Trials

THERE have been two international polo trials already and everyone in the know has been sniggering about them. Altogether I pity Captain Tremayne. He knows that he is not good enough to play in the side himself, and it is difficult for him to know whom to choose. I am still inclined to think that the two Roarks, George and Balding, will make the side. None of them believes in mincing matters on the polo ground, and those are the sort of people we want.

Right Man, Right Place

CAPTAIN KINGSCOTE has got together a wonderful string of polo ponies. Some of them have cost rather more than one might have expected. On the other hand, they will realise still higher prices when they are sold in America after the International matches. Captain Kingscote knows his job perfectly, and he has been given unlimited control. Only one stipulation is said to have been made, and this was readily agreed to by the gallant captain.

Appropriation

I SAW Lady Alexandra Metcalfe the next day at the British Sportsmen's Club at the Savoy Hotel, where Glenna Collett and Miss Molly Gourlay and their respective teams were entertained. I was entertained, too—not so much by the luncheon as by the calm way in which one of the American visitors appropriated a silver spoon from the cutlery in front of her and popped it into her vanity bag. One of the Savoy Hotel officials was sitting beside her, but he was so overcome that he did not make any protest. "Souvenir," as Giovanni, the conjuring pickpocket, would say.

Among Those Present

AT this luncheon Miss Diana Fishwick was given a silver salver, a box of sweets, and some good advice by Lord Decies, the chairman. She is a cheerful, fresh-complexioned girl, and wore a floppy blue hat. Mr. Victor Cazalet made a speech on the same occasion, and reminded us that he was a bachelor. As a matter of fact, his double-breasted beige waistcoat told one that. Mr. Cazalet is a good squash racquets player, a moderate tennis player, and a very bad golfer. He told us that, too.

The Perfect Secretary

THE cabaret-dinner-dance given by Mrs. Corrigan at the Gerard Legh's house in Grosvenor Street last week was the first that this energetic

THE ADVANCE OF YOUNG WOMANHOOD

Keystone

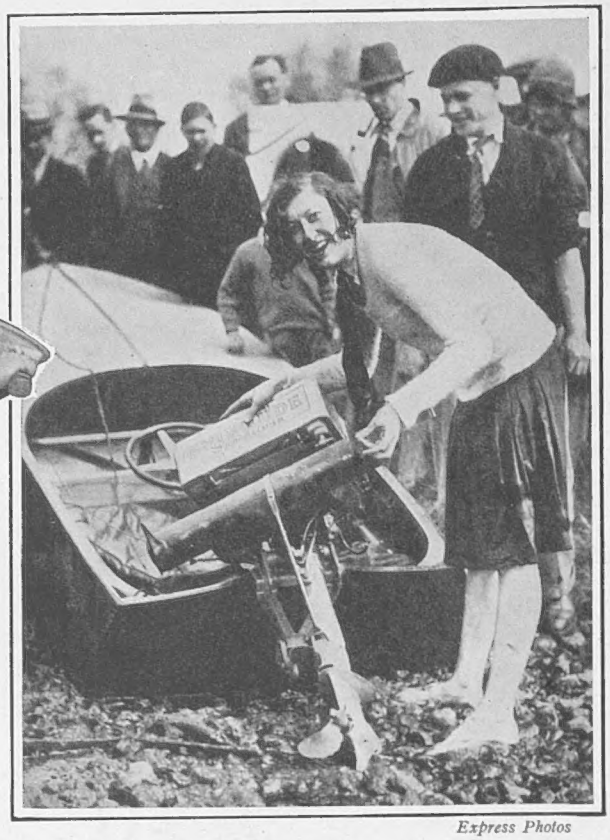
MISS DOROTHY ROUND

Aged nineteen, who scored such a remarkable success in the trial matches for the Wightman Cup team. She has defeated several well-known Wimbledon players, her game in many respects resembling that of the immortal Suzanne. She is seen above practising her backhand drive while at her home in Dudley

hostess has "thrown" this season. As usual, it was organised by the indefatigable Mr. Charles Stirling, "the perfect secretary," without whom Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Corrigan, Lady Ellesmere, and others, would be completely lost. Mr. Stirling is a walking encyclopædia to the Royal Enclosure. He knows who married whom, and when. He knows who divorced whom, and when.

America to the Fore

MRS. CORRIGAN'S affair was enlivened by the orchestra from Ciro's in Paris, as well as by a nigger lady who performed in the cabaret. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Cambridge were among the guests. It must have cost, altogether, a lot of money. What a pity that there are not more American hostesses anxious to make their mark on London and Londoners' palates just at present.



Express Photos

Miss Joan Spicer, who had a miraculous escape while competing at the opening meet of the outboard racing season, held at Rickmansworth. Her boat, travelling at a speed of 35 m.p.h., threw her ten feet into the air so that she landed in the water, and narrowly missed hitting the spectators on the bank.

THE FLYING GIRL WHO HAS ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD

A sketch from life of Miss Amy Johnson, the plucky twenty-six-year-old girl who attempted to beat Bert Hinkler's record time in flying solo from England to Australia. Her plucky performance in the face of tremendous odds thrilled the whole world

Bounty for Queen Charlotte

THE birthday of Queen Charlotte, the queen whose "bloom of ugliness faded as she grew older," was amusingly celebrated on behalf of Queen Charlotte's Hospital at the ball at the May Fair Hotel, organised by Mrs. Bulkeley-Johnson, the sister of Lady Mainwaring. About thirty debutantes, dressed in white, and headed by Lady Diana Cooper, brought a gigantic cake with 186 candles into the ballroom, and then, to a fanfare of trumpets from some regiment of Household Cavalry, curtseyed to Princess Beatrice. The cake was then cut by the hotel chef, and the debutantes went round distributing bits of it. Lady Castlerosse sat on Princess Beatrice's right.

MISS WINIFRED SPOONER

The British airwoman, who last year flew her own Moth from South Africa to Croydon, via Egypt and Tripoli. She was awarded the Women's Trophy of the International League of Aviators

OUR WONDERFUL ATHLETIC GIRLS

A Bevy of Beauty

THE debutantes, who were described as maids of honour, included Miss Rosemary Brassey, Miss Toby Haseltine, Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, Miss Pamela Wellesley, Lady Georgina Curzon, and Lady Patricia Moore. Kathleen Lady Drogheda, who prefers to be styled thus instead of as Madame de Landa, was there with her daughter. Altogether, it was more like a private dance than a charity ball, and there were four gentlemen in waiting—officially, of course.

Willie Clarkson—Forward!

ON the whole, this year's debutantes are not a very pretty lot, although the fashions this season are more attractive than they have been since the War. None of them, incidentally, seems to have learnt how to put on "make-up." Either they daub themselves with rouge in a highly unbecoming manner, or they put on so much powder that they look like ghosts, particularly when they are wearing white dresses. One of the few exceptions is Lady Patricia Moore.

Walls Have Ears

MR. J. H. THOMAS, whose lieutenant, Sir Oswald Mosley, has just revolted, should be a trifle more careful, I think, over his lunch-time conversations. Even though they are delivered in a private house they sometimes have a habit of being retailed, and a percentage of them might not sound so amusing if they were repeated. I am referring to some particularly indiscreet ones which Mr. J. H. Thomas should be able to recall readily.

Italians All

THE question of who will be the maître d'hôtel on whose shoulders the mantle of Luigi, the man who was undoubtedly the outstanding figure amongst maîtres d'hôtels, will fall is a

L.N.A.

MRS. ARTHUR NEALD

Who has applied to the secretaries of the Jockey Club for a licence to ride as an amateur under Jockey Club rules and National Hunt rules. Mrs Neald has ridden in sixteen point-to-point races, and has only three times been unplaced

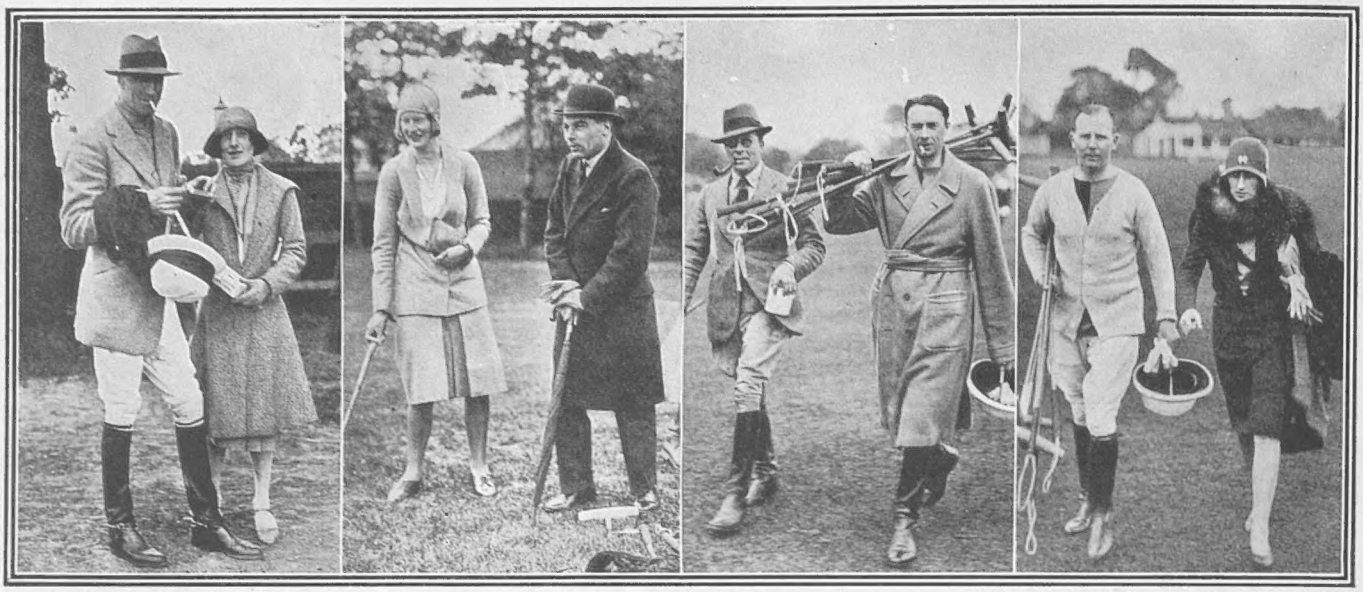
MISS DIANA FISHWICK L.N.A.

The nineteen-year-old girl, whose magnificent play at Formby won her the Women's Open Championship. She is seen above receiving congratulations at Sunningdale from Bobby Jones, who beat the Hon. W. B. Brownlow by one hole in the thirty-six holes amateur stroke competition for the Gold Vase

Central News

Miss Diana Fishwick in play. Her fine driving was one of the chief features of the game. In the final round over thirty-six holes she beat Miss Glenna Collett in the Ladies' Championship by 4 and 3

PERSONALITIES IN THE POLO FIELD



News Illustrations

Capt. J. F. Sanderson, of the "Cavaliers" team, which lost to the Hurricanes in the first round tie of the Whitney Cup at Roehampton, with Mrs. Sanderson

Lady Sibell Lygon snapped between chukkers at Roehampton. She is seen with the well-known trainer and jockey, Mr. Ted Leader

Mr. P. W. Dollar and Sir Ian Walker at Roehampton. The latter played No. 1 for the Chinchillas, who beat Roehampton by 10 goals to 4

Another member of the Chinchillas team, Lord Cromwell, who played No. 3, on his way from the pavilion at Roehampton. Lady Cromwell is seen with him

vexed one. Officially, Peter, of the Embassy, has taken over, and he is already to be seen in day clothes instead of black tie and tails at luncheon time at the Embassy. I am referring more generally, though, to the question of who will become the leading restaurateur of London. The choice lies between the two Ferraros, Sovrani, and Quaglino—all Italians, of course.

Bassano

MISS MARGOT ENGLAND

The eldest daughter of the late Major Raymond England, R.F.A., and of Mrs. Raymond England. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Derek Burdett, second son of the late Mr. H. G. Burdett and of Mrs. Burdett, of Camberley

Hot from the Press

Of these, Quaglino is making remarkable headway in his restaurant in Bury Street, St. James's. The Prince of Wales has been there more than once. Princess Mare Louise gave a luncheon party there the other day. Lord Hailsham lunches there sometimes, and Mr. Winston Churchill frequently has supper there, and, by special licence, gets the first edition of the London daily newspapers shortly after midnight, which he reads with great enjoyment after his nightly dig at Mr. Philip Snowden.

Lenare

Miss Eileen Schomberg, the daughter of the late Mr Arthur Schomberg and of Mrs. A. Schomberg, of Bentinck Street, W., who is engaged to Mr. Claude Duveen. They marry on June 5

Lenare

Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot, whose engagement to Mr. E. H. Tattersall, D.S.O., late 5th Dragoon Guards, is announced. She is the second daughter of the late Lord Ingestre

SHAMROCK V AND THE AMERICA CUP

Commons Courtesy

THE plight of the Labour Government, which daily grows more parlous, is reflected in the increasing boorishness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the best of times Mr. Snowden is hardly renowned for his civility and courtesy in the House, but on one occasion at least he certainly justified his nickname of The Acid Drop. During a debate last week on the Finance Bill he was so carried away by personal animosity that he breached all etiquette of the House by coupling the name of a member with that of a lady and, reading from a newspaper cutting relating to a game of baccarat, declared that "each player became banker in turn, and some of those who did so last night at Le Touquet were Sir Robert Horne and Mrs. Dudley Ward." The Chancellor's unusual action created considerable comment on all sides of the House, and the fact that he later made some sort of a grudging apology scarcely exonerated him. Ministers of the Crown should avoid vulgar acidity in the first place.

Impounded by the Court

AN American lawyer of international reputation has been staying in London during the last few days. He told his friends how he went to some town in the South, where it was very hot, to plead a case. At lunch-time the judge asked him if he would like to join him. The lawyer accepted. The judge gave him some first-class whisky. "How did you get it?" he was asked. "Oh," said the judge with a chuckle, "we had a big bootlegging case here last week, and I kept the evidence."

Is She a Flyer ?

REAL experts tell me that Shamrock V is not really as fast as would appear from the newspapers. In each of her races so far she has been handicapped most advantageously. Sir Thomas Lipton is, however, delighted with her performance. Captain Ned Hearn is the skipper. He has taken the place of Captain Sycamore, who was one of the most experienced yachtsmen in the world. Captain Hearn used to be with the late Sir Mortimer Singer.

Central Press

Sir Thomas Lipton, the veteran sportsman, whose great ambition is to wrest the America Cup from the U.S.A. with his new yacht, Shamrock V

Savoy or Savvoy ?

THEY say that Lord Gainford is likely to be the ruling spirit of the B.B.C. in future. Comically enough—for correct pronunciation is an important part of wireless—it would appear that he does not know how to pronounce Savoy Hill, the B.B.C. headquarters, properly. At a luncheon the other day he kept on calling it "Savvoy Hill," with the accent on the first syllable.

That Ascot Question

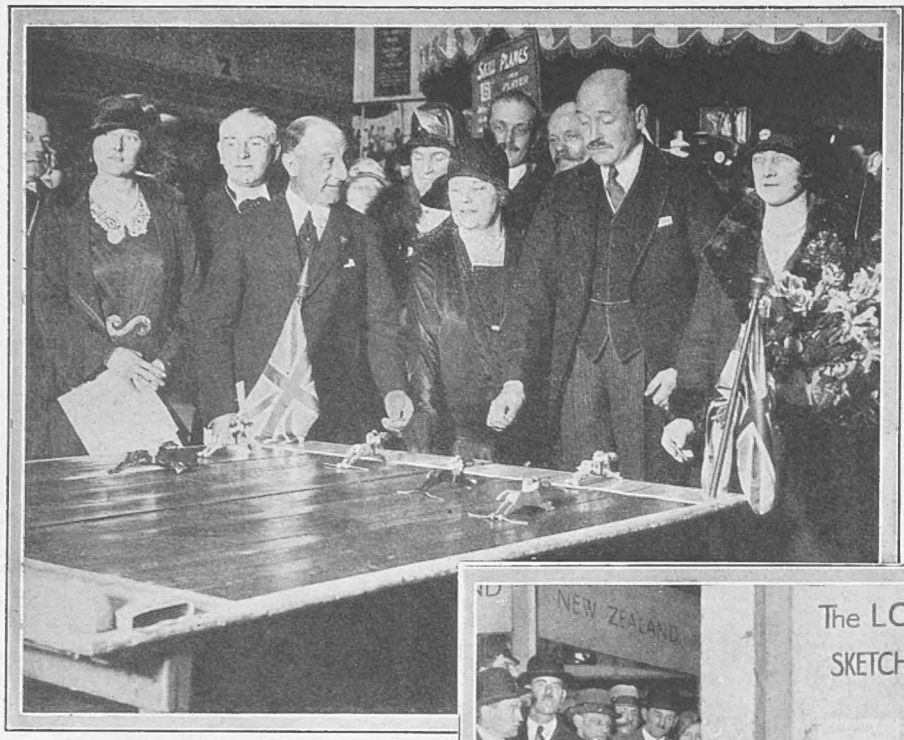
THE list for Ascot Royal enclosure badges closes next Friday, and in the next few days many of those courteously worded letters from Lord Churchill regretting that, owing to the large number of applicants, no more applications can be granted will be posted from St. James's Palace. Their recipients will pretend that they never had any intention of going to Ascot.

Racing Folk at Dinner

IN the next few days there are two big racing dinners—the H.B. affair and the Ambassador Club banquet. Lord Rosebery will be the guest of honour at the H.B., where one gets a very good line on the probable starting prices of the various animals by seeing for how much money their individual chances are bought.

Shamrock V Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, with which he has high hopes of bringing the America Cup back to this country after an interval of eighty years. Her trials, in which she has shown a clean pair of heels to the fastest yachts in the country, have revealed no weak points in her design, but it must not be forgotten that the handicapping was far from unfavourable to her. However, here's wishing her luck!

MAINLY MALE ACTIVITIES



Keystone

AT THE BRITISH LEGION FAIR

Lord Jellicoe, the Lady Mayoress and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught indulge in a flutter on the miniature "gee-gees" at the opening of the British Legion Fair at the Albert Hall

Sport and General

FAMOUS ARTISTS EARN AN HONEST COPPER

At the Empire Fair organised by the British Legion, famous artists acted as street pavement experts. Above are seen Charles Robinson (left), John Hassall and Edgar Patterson working on the flags with "unflagging" energy

EPSTEIN'S LATEST "MASTERPIECE" Topical

Jacob Epstein standing beside his latest work, "The Madonna and Child." This group will doubtless occasion one of those storms of protest in which the sculptor appears to revel

Black Magic

ON the whole, I think that Lady Ravensdale is the greatest admirer of negro art, particularly negro singing, in London. She was at the first night of *Othello*, when Paul Robeson played the Noble Moor. In the past she has been a great admirer of Hutchinson, the coloured cabaret artist, and listened to his songs with rapt attention.

A Black Outlook

MENTION of negro art reminds me that Mr. Epstein has once more employed negroid symbolism at his exhibition at Knoedler's Gallery in Bond Street. In addition to showing some of his drawings for the first time, there is included a statue of the Madonna and Child carried out in light bronze.

"Which Was Which——"

AT the Café de Paris they have been having a remarkable pair of negroes who sing and dance—but chiefly dance. Their name is Buck and Bubble, but, like Balliol and Merton and other acrobatic acts, I never know which is which. The other night Lord Alington and Miss Ianis Guinness and a party watched them with enthusiasm while they gave a lively display.

A Shock for Epstein's Admirers

THE Madonna sits with the child standing between outstretched knees—a malevolent, embittered, sardonic Madonna with heavy lips and eyes suggestive of contempt for her exaltation. Her feet are gross and large, though the Madonna came of a race whose feet are beautiful! The child is uninteresting. All seeing this latest Epstein masterpiece will regret the sculptor's partiality for portraying negroid types. That he can escape from it is revealed by the contrast of a beautiful head of a boy which is also exhibited. His admirers may feel inclined to tar and feather it as punishment for Epstein's desertion from the ugly!

STUDIES IN GOLF EXPRESSIONS

A Boxing Occasion

IT was easy to see that Lord Lonsdale had gone to see Harvey and Cuthbert win his belts outright at Olympia last Thursday evening. For there, drawn up immediately outside the entrance, was one of his yellow Rolls-Royces, which are designed exactly like taxicabs. Among the spectators were Sir Harold Bowden, whose eyelashes are almost as long as those of Mr. Baillie-Hamilton, Lord Haddington's brother; Admiral Basil Brooke, who in the past month has played golf with the Duke of York ten times and has won three, lost three, and drawn four; the inimitable Harry Preston; Major Metcalfe, the husband of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe; Mr. Raymond de Trafford, who is once again said to be thinking of a dramatic marriage and wants to become a journalist; Mr. C. B. Cochran, with his broken finger still in splints; Lord Decies and his usual red carnation; and, of course, Tom Webster.

Central Press

THE PRINCES WATCH BOBBY JONES

A study in concentration as Bobby Jones drives off at Sunningdale. The expression of Prince George is quizzical, the Prince of Wales watches with the eye of a judge, whilst the Duke of Gloucester's expression is perhaps one of envy

Topical

ON THE GREEN

Another photograph taken during the Gold Vase Competition at Sunningdale. The Duke of Gloucester is seen examining the line of the putting green, whilst Prince George contemplates a menacing pot bunker, and the Prince of Wales watches the putt

The Second's Duty

THE fights were all excellent, and I expect that Jeff Dickson, the immaculate American promoter, who was there, wished that he could have staged them. It was a great pity, though, that the seconds of McCall, who was Len Harvey's opponent, did not throw in the towel earlier. It was a bad business, in any case, to let their man get needlessly punished when he had no chance of winning. Harry Preston tried to persuade them to do so, but they paid no attention. Fighting nowadays is becoming more and more fashionable. The first twenty or thirty rows at any big fight are now full of men in evening dress. Five years ago they were mostly occupied by bookmakers' touts. The Prince of Wales was very anxious to be at Olympia, but he had an earlier engagement that he was unable to cancel.

Those Feathers

TUESDAY, being Court night, one or two people drifted into the Embassy wearing their

Gen. Picture News

Mr. Stanley Baldwin with Mr. T. J. O'Connor, K.C. the Conservative candidate at the Nottingham by-election. Mr. Baldwin, when interrupted by a miner, who had to be ejected, observed, "that gentleman is an advocate of Free Trade, but not of Free Speech!"

POTENTIAL WINNERS FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

Prince of Wales feathers. Personally, I think that to keep on wearing them is rather like wearing an Ascot badge at the Aldershot Tattoo. Some actually did that last year. At the Embassy it was mostly the older women who wore them. Bond Street was alight with photographers, and every few yards the red carpet was down and the awnings up.

Boxing at a Club

IN our issue of May 14 we referred, owing to an error in spelling, to the boxing organised at the Bath Club. Although, of course, boxing is popular with the members of the famous club in Dover Street, the paragraph in question was intended to refer to the Bat Club in Albemarle Street, near by. The Bat, whose function is admirably summed up by the words, "Ici on boit, on mange, on s'amuse," which are printed on the club's stationery, achieved a great success with the professional boxing bouts held on the club premises, and which drew a large attendance.

Bertram Park

MISS AUDREY JOAN NEWSON

The younger daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Newson. She is to be presented at to-day's (Wednesday's) Court by Lady Napier of Ettrick

MISS MARY BETTINA MOREL

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Morel, of Bickham Manor, Timberscombe, near Taunton. She is among this season's debutantes

MISS BRIDGET NEWELL *Peter North*

Who was presented by the Duchess of Devonshire at the Court held on May 15. Her Court gown, which was created by Isobel, of 223, Regent Street, W.1, is of white net embroidered in silver, the train being of embroidered diamanté and silver thread

The Queen's Purchase

HER MAJESTY'S visit to Burlington House to see the pictures in this year's Academy has resulted in her purchasing a miniature which is the work of Mrs. D. A. E. Leleux, of Kew. The picture in question, "January Outdoor Flowers in Kew Gardens," is a pleasing piece of work, and the subject is certainly one which appeals to the Queen, whose knowledge and love of flowers and plants is very extensive.

MISS VALERIE JOSEPH *Raphael*

Whose engagement to Mr. Dennis Malden, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malden, has been announced. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram E. Joseph

See page 458 for our "Celebrities" Competition.

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

My latest information about the Derby is that the winner will be DIOLITE, SILVER FLARE or TREWS. Well, let us have small each way bets on each and hope to be on the mark.

My system of following horses that have been the medium of gambles and lost is proving profitable, and again I advise readers to be consistent. Here are six more:

NORMAN BARON, heavily backed at Windsor, was unfortunate to stumble approaching the distance and so lost valuable ground. Follow him over a mile.

BERRYDALE is one of the improving sort. Keep his name before you in block letters. He was backed, but not heavily. A well-knit colt and level galloper he put up a good performance against the smart Miss Jessica filly.

SOL-FA FILLY was a raging hot favourite at Kempton Park, but she is a raw juvenile. The race in public was valuable experience and she should show improvement in the near future. At one stage she headed her field

CLAUDINE, admirably ridden by Gordon Richards, just failed to gain a place at Kempton, after leading at seven furlongs. Set a very fast pace and will win over six or seven furlongs over an easier course.

MUTUAL BENEFIT, a strong paddock tip at Newmarket, appeared in the light of a non-stayer. The three-year-old set a merry gallop for five furlongs, and if confined to this distance losses should be early recovered.

CLEVELAND was a market springer at Kempton, being backed down from 33 to 1 to 11 to 4, but he was never on the scene until the closing stages when he appeared to be fast closing the gap. Ignore this failure and follow up with confidence.

"BRITAIN AND HER INDUSTRIES" PAGEANT

Costumes Seen at the Empire Ball

The Misses Joan and Moira Nugent as they appeared at the Empire Ball in aid of the British Legion. They represented Chemicals

Miss Sunday Wilshin as Coal, the costume she wore at last Monday's Empire Ball, which took place at the Albert Hall

Left : Lady Furnival is seen in the striking dress representing Paper, which she wore in "Britain and Her Industries" Pageant at the Empire Ball. Centre : Claudette, Angela and Claudine Mawby, the little film stars, in the costumes representing Wool. Right : Miss Diana Beaumont as she appeared as Silk in the pageant at the Empire Ball

AT THE PLAY

A BLACK OUTLOOK AT THE SAVOY

"Othello," at the Savoy Theatre

IF differences of opinion, which lead to discussion, are good for theatrical enterprise, the revival of *Othello* at the Savoy Theatre should have a satisfactory run. I am sure that many playgoers will go into rhapsodies over Paul Robeson's performance of Othello, while others will take a less enthusiastic view of his acting. I think that the latter will allow that Paul Robeson possesses dignity and a magnificent voice, and that he has his moments, but they will be alive to the fact that that voice, when speaking, possesses but a very small range, and, in consequence, his delivery is inclined to become monotonous.

ANOTHER point which the carpers will make is that Paul Robeson's appearance is against him. Doubtless one reason why he was chosen for the part is that he is dark, but this surface resemblance is only skin deep, and many an Englishman, by adding colour to his face, could more nearly portray the Noble Moor than one who is further removed from Othello than any of Anglo-Saxon race.

OPINIONS may also differ concerning Peggy Ashcroft's performance of Desdemona. There is intelligence in plenty and she has an appealing way, but it may be suggested that there is a trace of hard insipidity about her which makes it difficult to believe that she would excite the passion of a great soldier and a great man. As for the Cassio of Max Montesole, it may also be suggested that he was as the poles asunder from the rough soldier who could not hold his liquor, which was the character that Shakespeare drew.

OPINIONS may also differ concerning the production. James Pryde has designed some lovely stage pictures which happily recall those he paints on canvas, and the lighting is beautiful from the picture point of view. But after all, scenery should be but a background to the acting, and when it comes to only one very small portion of the stage being lighted, it stands to reason that all those who are not in the limelight have to perform their parts in a darkness which allows an audience but little chance of enjoying the subtler shades of acting. Also, but this is important, the front scenes became a battle-ground between Shakespeare's sentences and the stage hands' scene shifting—and the battle goes to the strong!

ANOTHER difference of opinion is likely to arise in the fact that time is cut to waste with "trimmings." *Othello* is a long play, but the action never halts, and is not intended to. Producer Ellen van Volkenburg had, however, on occasions, other ideas, as when what may have been a couple of wantons pranced about in a front scene, and when the tableau curtains were parted received ecstatic kisses from the soldiery quartered in the Cypress Castle. Also arguments may arise as to the cutting of the text, which seemed to stress the Bard's bawdy lines at the expense of those more beautiful.

FINALLY, we come to the Iago of Maurice Browne, and here again opinions may differ. Some may discover subtlety while others may raise the cry of underplaying, and suggest that the greatest villain ever placed upon the stage should not be acted as if the character were a middle-aged gossip imparting tittle-tattle over the tea-cups. All these points, as I say, may create differences of opinion. Where there will be none is in the artistry of Sybil Thorndike's playing of Emilia, a performance given in the true spirit of Shakespeare and acted as it should be acted.

"OTHELLO," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Paul Robeson, after an excursion into musical comedy and appearing on the concert platform in the rôle of a singer of Negro Spirituals, now returns to the "legit." as Othello

Sasha

The Viennese café scene in "Bitter Sweet," at His Majesty's Theatre (one of London's few successes), with Ivy St. Helier in the foreground entertaining the customers, and the audience in the auditorium, with a song

Is There a Theatrical Slump?

MR. C. B. COCHRAN, who knows quite a lot about the affairs of the theatre, lately telegraphed to *The Daily Mail* a message so long that it should cut the loss which this Government service makes annually. In that message he denies that the theatre is suffering from a slump, and instances the success of *On the Spot*, at Wyndham's; *The First Mrs. Fraser*, at the Haymarket; *The Man in Possession*, at the Ambassadors; and *The Apple Cart* and *Journey's End*, both of which are coming to the end of their journey after

AND ELSEWHERE — By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "OTHELLO," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, By H. H. HARRIS

satisfactory runs. He also coyly mentions among the successes *Bitter Sweet*, at His Majesty's, and *C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue*, at the London Pavilion—two shows with which he is closely associated.

FROM these successes he draws the moral that "the old machine-made stuff will not do," that talkies, God bless them, give this; that it is up to the theatre manager to provide something more imaginative, and that all would be for the best in the best possible of theatrical worlds if they did!

With this argument I am inclined to agree—in part. But theatrical managers would adopt an ostrich-like policy if they continue to believe that it is only the play which matters. Granted that what one may call good entertainment is necessary, yet something else is required if the theatre is to be patronised by the public *as a habit*. The habit of theatre-going has greatly decreased because of competition, perhaps, but also because it is seldom comfortable and still more seldom cheap.

IN these days when everybody seems hard-up, theatres are much too expensive, and, consequently, only the shows which "you really must see" can pay their way. Were prices to be reduced the *habit* of theatre-going would increase, and many good shows which have been failures might have had some measure of success. I could mention several failures which were artistic successes and far from being "machine-made stuff."

NOW, as regards comfort. Even when one pays 12s. (or more) for a stall the performance often has to be sat through in discomfort. Many London theatres are an absolute disgrace in this respect. The picture houses are often patronised in preference to the theatre because they are about 50 per cent. cheaper, and even the lowest priced seats provide comfort. But were they willing to do so, theatrical managers are forbidden by the terms of their lease to reduce charges for admission, and consequently rows upon rows of stalls remain empty during a run, which is inevitably shortened in consequence.

I HAVE heard that many of the play-going public are such snobs that they decline to go to a theatre where stalls are sold at less than recognised prices, but this, I think, is an exaggeration. The Dominion Theatre, for instance, has popular prices, and *Silver Wings*, which is being played there, can hardly be said to have suffered because of seats which are both cheap and comfortable.

A lesson might also be learnt from the old days by adopting a policy of continuity. Theatres secured a reputation for staging a certain class of play, and consequently attracted custom. At present most of the London houses seem to delight in staging all sorts of shows—greatly to their disadvantage!

But expense and discomfort and damnably irritating extras are the three main millstones round the neck of the theatre at the present time. Were these removed I, for one, should have no fears concerning the future of theatrical enterprise.

V. W.

Sasha

"The Ladies of the Town" in a scene from "Bitter Sweet," at His Majesty's Theatre. This operette, which was produced on July 18 of last year, is still drawing crowded houses

Peggy Ashcroft, a product of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, whose sudden rise to fame has caused her to be cast for Desdemona in the revival of "Othello," at the Savoy Theatre

Surrendering Our Sea Supremacy

By "Kim"

How many persons in this country have yet realised that when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, signed the so-called Naval Peace Treaty with the United States and Japan, and was ironically presented with the golden pen by M. Briand (who refused to sign anything which prejudiced France), he was deliberately handing over to Senator Stimson, and the Americans generally, the naval supremacy of the seas?

I said then that the pen might prove as barbed as Apollo's Arrows—the arrows that destroyed the then rulers of the world—and I repeat it.

The situation is unexampled and unequalled for sheer betrayal of Britain's safety, to say nothing of our long-boasted supremacy at sea. As an island power, dependent on our sea communications for our needs if a war is fastened on us, an island which could be starved out in a short time, since our incompetent politicians have destroyed agriculture, an island to-day economically absolutely dependent upon supplies from overseas, we must remain in control of the seas or perish. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in return for a gold pen and the smiles of Mr. Stimson—cold, hard-lipped smiles at that—has signed away our predominancy.

You do not believe me? It is excusable, since the Press that calls itself "National" has for the greater part ignored the alarming situation that now confronts us. Everything that Miss Amy Johnson does, or fails to do, in her plucky flight is recapitulated in column after column. Her school friends, her office friends, are roped in to discuss her. But the ominous debate in the House of Commons a fortnight ago, when Mr. Winston Churchill, Col. George Gretton (a wise and far-seeing man), and Rear-Admiral Beamish revealed the abyss on the brink of which Britain now stands, received little or no mention. All we got in the popular "National" Press was that Mr. Churchill read a document he ought technically not to have read, and that both the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George, who is always mischievous, and keeps one eye, if not a Cyclopean Eye, on his American public, said was an abuse of his position, and so forth. This damned red herring was allowed to be drawn across the path. The public thought Winston had behaved badly, and the serious facts he adduced were lost in the "Scene in the House."

Mr. Winston Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty in the critical period of the War, and is an able man, though not quick in repartee, or else he would have smothered his opponents, though Mr. Baldwin failed to give him adequate support. He proved definitely and without contradiction that it is not a Treaty of Naval "Parity" as regards the United States, that Britain must shortly occupy a secondary position among the naval

Lenare

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, who, as our technical expert, agreed to the whittling down of our Naval strength at the recent Naval Conference

powers, and that "we are no longer to have a Navy equal even for purposes of battle—I say nothing of trade protection—to the other leading Navy in the world." The cruiser fleet of America in 1936 "will be definitely superior in strength." And that, let me add, in battle strength, if all our ships were free to fight and not have to be detailed off to protect essential trade routes.

The opposition to this, apart from the abuse of Mr. Churchill by Commander Kenworthy, the usual stock-in-trade of unbalanced Socialists, was a humbugging repetition that "War is unthinkable between America and Great Britain," a cant phrase uttered by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and repeated by the Liberals and Socialists ad nauseam. A war between the United States and Great Britain would be a ghastly and wicked affair, but only fools would say that it is "unthinkable" or "impossible."

Mr. W. R. Hearst, who is still going strong and is probably the most powerful individual in the United States, whatever the Republican Party may say, was the fomentor of the American war with Spain, kept the U.S. out of the European War until 1917, and is capable at any time of forcing a war on us, willy-nilly. We have always surrendered to the United States—it is useless to deny it—and have swallowed affront after affront.

When, as we now know, the United States, even under Roosevelt (I say "even" because he was friendly to us), were prepared to go to war with us on the Alaska Boundary Question if an occasion arose, as it might at any time, when we could only surrender at the price of national honour, what then? Ask the Canadians, who know their Americans, what reliance can be placed on American pacificism!

Part III of the Treaty must not be ratified by Parliament. It is the duty of the Conservative leaders *and the Conservative Press* to raise a major issue on it. The only alternative, otherwise, is for us to renew our Naval Treaty with Japan if we can (which we broke off to please American ambitions), or to support M. Briand's policy of a United States of Europe, and thereby abandon our Empire to save our skins. At the present time America is the real menace to the world's peace, and it should be faced, or else the time will come when it will be too late, and we shall be as Carthage was.

Central Press

Mr. Winston Churchill, who, in the recent debate in the House, vigorously attacked the reductions of our Naval strength. As First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914, he was responsible for the preparedness of the Fleet on the outbreak of the Great War

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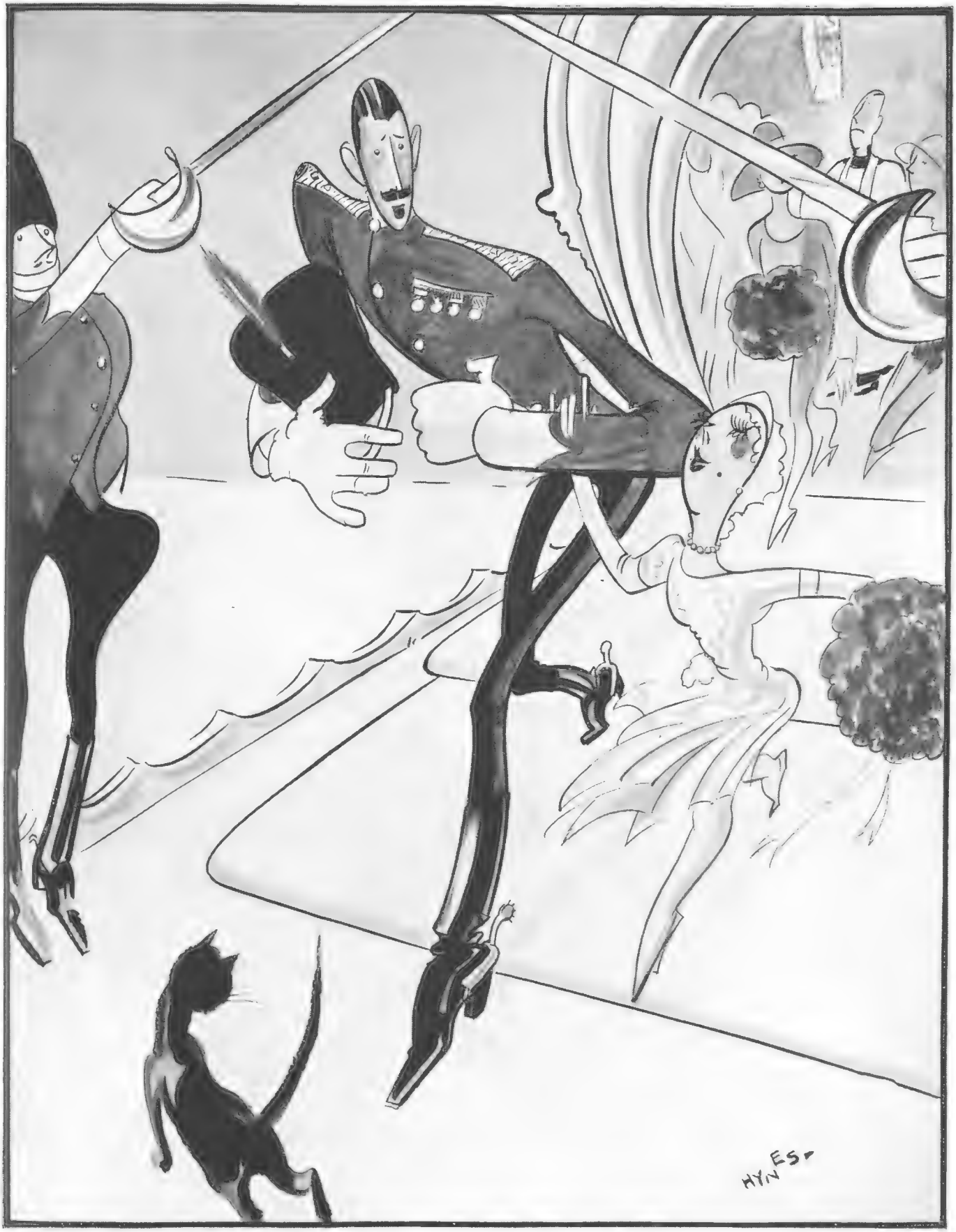
On Lawn Tennis

The latest addition to the Lonsdale Library of Sports, Games and Pastimes, "Lawn Tennis, its Principles and Practice," which has just been published, should find a large and ready market. Written by A. Wallis Myers and profusely illustrated with photographs, it affords not only a brief but lucid history of the game, but deals with the modern methods adopted by leading players. It is published by Seeley, Service & Co., at 12*s.* 6*d.*



BY HYNES

"THE WEDDING OF THE PAINTED DOLL"

If Gossip We Must.

HAS London a typical imaginary figure to-day? I ask because, with the death of the veteran Gilbert Dalziel, who ran "Ally Sloper's Half-holiday," I am reminded of that disreputable but not unlovable person, Ally Sloper, of whom I was rather fond. Say what one will about "Ally," there was something fiercely English about him. He belonged to a London that was less Americanised, to a London that knew not "cafeterias." The heroes and heroines of the journal that bore his name—Lardy Longsox, the Hon. Bob, the MacNab, and the like—were the direct descendants of, in an earlier generation, Tom and Jerry and other creations of Pierce Egan. The whole crew have gone into the ewigeit now—even Lardy Longsox, to whose impression on a youthful mind is due the fact that long years ago I imagined that the normal spectacle behind the scenes in theatreland was of lovely young women in tights sitting on the knees of moustached persons in flawless evening dress and flourishing champagne bottles.

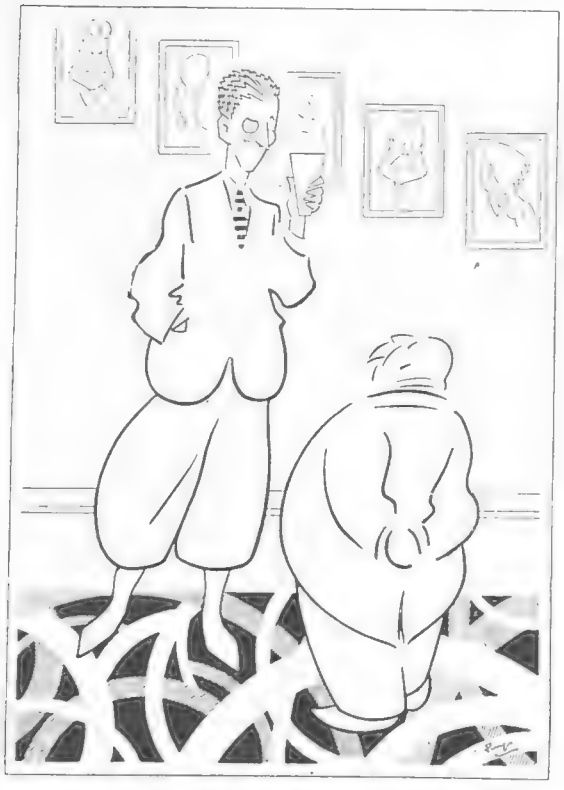
NORAH BARING

The British film star, two portraits of whom are on the line in the Royal Academy this year, the artists being Mr. Egerton Cowper and Mr. Howard Somerville. Their "subject" is at present engaged in making two important talkies, "Enter Sir John," and "The Two Worlds," at Elstree

NO! London has no Ally Sloper now, and no representative figure at all—unless it be Micky the Mouse, who comes, of course, from America. Ally, poor old pub-crawler that he was, would have wilted in the 1930 atmosphere of ice-cream sodas, fruit sundaes (whatever they are), and "Time, gentlemen, please!" The Hon. Bob would find, in the improbable event of being allowed behind the scenes at all, no young women in tights, but muscular, well-read, extremely virtuous, tube-train-home chorus girls who would hit over the head with a champagne bottle any man who asked them to sit on his knee and share one. The MacNab would almost certainly be in the Cabinet, and probably Prime Minister.

Talking of Ally Sloper, Dr. Adrian Boult (who rather resembles him, though not in habits) made an announcement with regard to the B.B.C.'s future musical policy at the lunch given him at the Savoy to mark his appointment as musical director. "We shall continue," he said, "to give always the best music, as it is only by keeping the standard high that we can improve the public taste."

This is, of course, precisely the attitude of Sir John Reith, who was present on this occasion and nodded Mussolini-like approval. Give the public not what it wants, but what the head officials of the B.B.C. think it ought to want.



By Puys

"I'm off to Chicago to-morrow, old man"
"Ah, well—Bomb voyage!"

Keystone

SHAKESPEARE IN THE HAYMARKET

Henry Ainley as Hamlet and Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as Ophelia in a scene from the special performance which the King and Queen recently witnessed at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Ainley's acting has caused much controversy among the critics, some averring that he is the greatest Hamlet of all time

I agree with Dr. Boult, a pleasant and amiable person, though I have seen better conductors, that there is a danger of underestimating the public's taste and intelligence; most theatre managers do this, and many editors. But for the B.B.C. to assume the rôle of the educator, to give us powder, however little of it, with our jam, is quite indefensible. Moreover, this is not what the B.B.C.—and its officials—are paid for.

By H. H. Harris

WILL HAY

As he appears in his amusing sketch, "Episodes of St. Michael's." He played before the King and Queen at the Royal Command variety show recently held at the Palladium

Stage Photo Co.

THE WIZARD OF THE AUSTIN SEVEN

George Clarke as he appears in the musical comedy, "Love Lies," and his celebrated "baby" Austin, with which he keeps the audiences at the Gaiety Theatre in roars of laughter. The various antics which he makes his steed undergo would cause the average London "bobby" to have hysterics. He has just finished making a talkie, "His First Car"

THE Murder party at Lady Ribblesdale's has been adversely criticised on the grounds that there is not much fun in a murder. True. Nor is there much fun in a war, yet children will play at soldiers in spite of everything. People must not take themselves—or, rather, other people—quite so seriously. I do not suggest that this was a particularly profound way of spending an evening, but it was a comparatively harmless one. The scheme, it seems, was due to Miss Elsa Maxwell, who is something of a character. Miss Maxwell is an American, has written a few songs, does not pretend to be either young or pretty, and specialises in making parties "go."

She was engaged not long ago to make Monte Carlo "go," but this, I believe, must be counted as one of her failures. She was undoubtedly the life and soul of a party I remember Mrs. Reggie Fellowes giving in her house in Paris, where she and Hugo Rumbold organised charades. That was what Anita Loos would call a "wow."

MARK HAMBOURG was the soloist at a concert the other afternoon at which there were three conductors—Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent. They did not con-

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 4.—THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

ALTHOUGH he does not look ornate
Or don the panoply of state,
His rule is absolute and great,
This Thespian Cerberus
Who guards that most intriguing gate
That leads to visions of a "date"
With Kitty, Caroline or Kate
And thrills the hearts of us
Who are (to use a tag that's hoary)
Regarded as jeunesse stage doree.

If rules are strict, thus he'll orate,
"I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to wait;
"It can't be helped, so don't 'create,'
"No one's allowed be'ind,"
So, if you get there after eight,
Although you sing a hymn of hate,
You'll just have to chorusticate
Till Fortune proves more kind
And sends you, round about eleven,
The latest goddess of your heaven.

From early morn till evening late
He rules, implacable as Fate,
A kindly soul, who loves debate
On things Theatrical;
So if you seek a tête-a-tête
When things are slack, he'll tell you straight
About the "stars," for he can prate
Of players great and small,
And if in search of tit-bits we come
He'll prove indeed our vade mecum. B.W.

BONNY HIELAND LASSIES L. N. A.

A dress rehearsal by the Sixteen Palladium Girls, who appeared before Their Majesties at the Royal Command variety performance held at the Palladium last week, in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund Their team dancing was one of the most successful features of the show

"TRY IT IN YOUR BATH"!

Mabel Robey

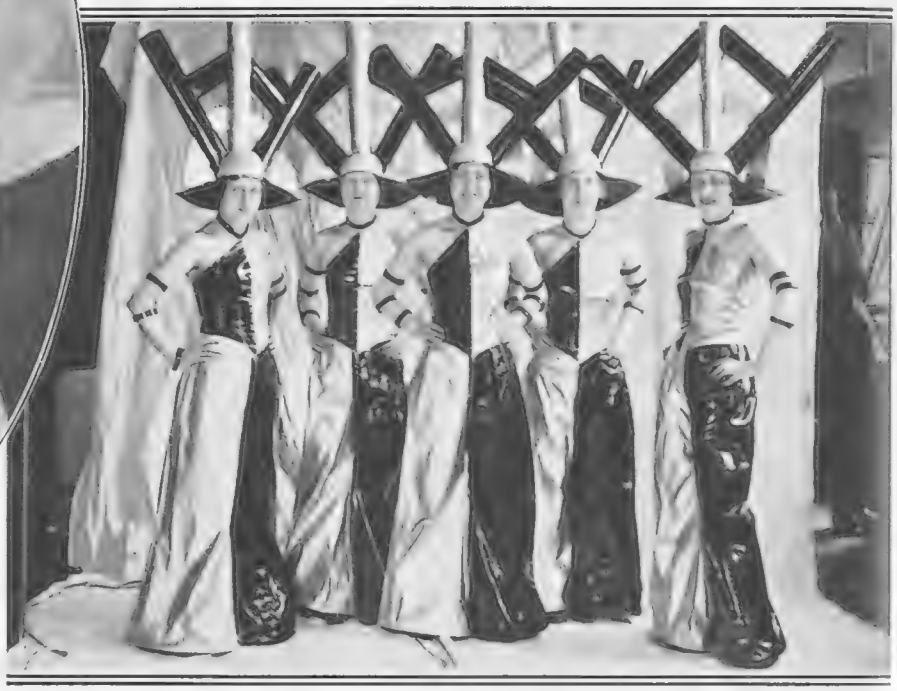
Peggy Beaty, the clever young dancer, who is appearing in C. B. Cochran's 1930 revue at the London Pavilion. She is also starring in the "Bitter Sweet" ballet in the "Prosperity Party," the cheery supper show at the Trocadero

duct simultaneously. But Mark would have been quite unperturbed had this happened, in spite of the fact that, keen gourmet though he is, he is taking no form of Dutch courage at present, doctors having forbidden him all such delights owing to a touch of gout.

He told me he was staying in France the other day at the house of a Frenchman whose wine-cellar is his chief delight. His host received the news of this temporary teetotalism with undisguised horror and the exclamation, "But I have no water of any kind in the house!" "What do you wash in?" asked Mark. "Well," was the reply, "I usually have my bath in a light Château Leoville Poyferre, 1889."

GOUT seems on the increase, in spite of the fact that we do not drink anything like the amount of port our ancestors did. They slept in a hermetically sealed four-poster bed with the windows shut. Yet they were always extraordinarily fit—until they fell down in one, and left hogsheads of port in their wills for their sons to drink themselves under the table with. Personally, I am thinking, with a view to posterity, of laying down a pipe of Vrondonal.

I DULY put on a black tie and went to see Paul Robeson as Othello. To my critical colleague I leave the consideration of that production, though I wondered how a coloured actor could be so colourless, and how Sir John Martin Harvey, who was among the stallites, compared Maurice Browne's Iago with his experiences at the Lyceum under Henry Irving. In my humble opinion, it was neither this black Othello nor this Browne Iago that set the Thames, or buildings on its bank, on fire that night.



Wide World

Five of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, Vera Bertie, Joan Brooke, Delta Miller, Doris Treverne and Irish Turner, representing "Iron and Steel," costumes they wore in the Pageant of Britain and her Industries, which was a feature of the British Empire Ball. This took place at the Albert Hall on Monday, May 26

By Wilson Flemming

THE SIGNOR SERVICE

TALKING of the Thames, Limehouse is to have a pageant in October. I can think of a more suitable month than October for pageants and a more picturesque spot than Limehouse for pageanting in. I understand that this one is to take place under cover—a very wise precaution. No doubt the local organisers will dig up some episodes in Limehouse's history which, for aught I know, may be extremely interesting.

But they must not forget to include Mr. Lloyd George in the full flood of his vintage 1909 oratory. It was the "Wizard of Wales" who made Limehouse into a verb, and who started the violent attacks by the have-nots on the haves, which to-day have gone far beyond what, in all probability, he ever desired. The heir to a peerage was then described, I remember, as "the first of the litter."

STRIKES AND THE STAGE

By John Gordge

"How long will it take to get to London by the next train?"
"About thirty-one hours, zur"
"What! Thirty-one hours to do seventy miles?"
"Aye, zur. You see, she doan't start till to-morrow night!"

I APPLAUD Alfred Wareing's pluck and originality in his idea of attempting to stop the textile strike up North by producing, in Huddersfield, John Galsworthy's *Strife*. This play holds the balance with scrupulous fairness, nor is it in any sense anti-labour, as certain members of the Left Wing have termed it. It merely shows the futility of stubbornness and the stupidity of a deadlock. Incidentally, the author offered to forego his fees. But there has been local opposition to the scheme, and Mr. James Hudson, the Socialist M.P. for Huddersfield, has voiced some of it. Perfectly friendly correspondence has passed between Wareing and Hudson, but the latter asks, "Why do you think we stand so much in need of the lessons of *Strife*?" Further, he suggests that the propaganda may be one-sided, as the employers have the money for theatre tickets, while the employed have not.

Alfred Wareing answers this very aptly by pointing out that the employed (at present the strikers) obviously have the money for films, as the Huddersfield picture-houses are packed. Moreover, he offers, should any striker be prevented by lack of money from seeing *Strife*, to let him see it for nothing. In any case, his pit costs only a shilling and the gallery fourpence.

THERE are few more versatile artists than Howard Elcock, as readers of THE BYSTANDER are well aware. He has just gone off to South America for a while, but this does not mean that we are to lose him, for from time to time he will be sending impressions of the Amazon and, possibly, of the local Amazons, if he finds any. It is quite likely that he will, for he sees things most of us do not see. He is an ardent spiritualist.

THERE are now only three more weeks—apart from this one—before the closing of our "Celebrities Disguised" Competition, and then you will have an opportunity of learning whether someone else's face is your fortune. If you have not already taken a hand at spotting the well-known people who are the subjects, turn to page 458 and learn how to win a Rover six-cylinder saloon car, valued at £335, or one of the prizes offered.

MR. ALFRED WAREING

Who has produced John Galsworthy's "Strife" at Huddersfield to endeavour to ease the situation in the woollen industry strike. The portrait, of which the above is a reproduction, was painted by W. Oliphant Hutchison

Raphael

Pat Hearne, who is appearing in "The Three Musketeers," the musical romance which has scored a "sure-fire" success at Drury Lane. She was also in "The Desert Song" at the same theatre

FILM NOTES

The Thin Red Line! A dramatic moment in "Balaclava"—the film of the charge of the Light Brigade, a Gainsborough picture. The military scenes were made with the assistance of the War Office, under the personal supervision of Captain Oakes-Jones, M.B.E. This picture is at the Marble Arch Pavilion

A Woman Producer's Success

By Lionel Collier

At the Marble Arch Pavilion a British film is being shown, "Balaclava," a feature of which is the reconstruction of the charge of the Light Brigade which is the pièce de résistance of the picture. The story which leads up to the historic charge is frankly melodramatic, dealing as it does with a Russian spy, a Scotch girl living in Russia, and a lieutenant who is court-martialled and dismissed the service for duelling, but who regains his honour in the charge, having re-enlisted as a private. Praise is due to the producer for the good historical detail, although one cannot be wholly convinced by the plot. Cyril McLaglen gives a strong portrayal of the lieutenant, and is ably supported by Benita Hume and Alf Goddard, whose Cockney humour is ever welcome.

I have not yet had the opportunity of seeing "Loose Ends," another British picture directed by Norman Walker which commenced a run at the Regal on Saturday. It should be of unusual interest, as it is Owen Nares' first full-length talkie. He plays the part created on the stage by Dion Titheradge, who also wrote the play. Owen Nares was one of the earlier stars of the silent film, although he did not appear to any great extent. I believe his first silent picture was made in 1913. He is supported by Edna Best and Donald Calthrop, both of whom have had studio experience, and whose scope is obviously widened by the advent of the microphone. Edna Best's first silent feature was called "Two Down and Outs," while her first talkie appearance was with Seymour Hicks in "Sleeping Partners."

There are very few women directors, which seems strange when one considers that at least seventy per cent. of the enthusiastic film fans are women. I suppose it is all on a par with the fact that male popular novelists are in the majority, and that women prefer, as a whole, to go to male doctors rather than to female practitioners.

Benita Hume looks apprehensive! A scene in "Balaclava," the Gainsborough picture now at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Cyril McLaglen is seen in the background

Nevertheless, there is one extremely good woman director in Dorothy Arzner, who has just produced Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son," a play adapted from a novel by Timothy Shea, which is now showing at the Plaza. She has certainly put feminine appeal in it; for instance, there is quite a long scene devoted to a mother playing with her baby.

". . . wish I didn't have to go home . . .!" Fuller Mellish, Jun., and Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son," Paramount's new picture, now at the Plaza

People have declared that the effect of the talkies will be to make us all speak American over here, but I think it is much more likely to make Americans talk English. In fact, it is more probable that the New York traffic cops will say "Pass along there,

A WOMAN PRODUCER'S SUCCESS

please," in an Oxford accent, than that our own bobbies will give utterance to "Get to hell outa here" in approved Chicagoese. If you listen to the best American artistes you will find that they speak English as we think it should be spoken. They avoid, perhaps, B.B.C., but it is English all the same. Ruth Chatterton's nationality does not then betray itself in speech.

Incidentally, she has one of the most flexible voices on the screen, and one which seems particularly suited to the microphone, which does not always do justice to those who speak into it.

IN "Sarah and Son" Miss Chatterton plays the rôle of an aspiring singer who marries a ne'er-do-well and has a child by him. He enlists in the Marines, and gets the child adopted by wealthy people after a quarrel. The woman's life then consists of a search for her son. Finally, she goes to Germany, studies hard, and becomes an operatic singer. She returns with money and the same fixed idea of getting back her son. The ending is melodramatic, but nevertheless effective. They try to fob her off with a deaf-and-dumb child, but finally, accidentally, she discovers the truth and wins back her son.

Miles Mander threatens Owen Nares with a revelation of his past in "Loose Ends," the all-British talking picture at the Regal. Some of the scenes in this film were taken on the Embankment

More plotting! Adrianne Allen, Donald Calthrop, and Miles Mander in a dramatic scene in "Loose Ends," a new all-British talking picture at the Regal

Ruth Chatterton makes every moment tell and preserves the naturalness of the rôle consistently. She is ably supported by Frederic March and Phillippe de Lacy as the young boy. But all the time it is she herself who dominates the picture by her artistry and complete command of every situation. I believe she could appear in the most banal play that has ever been written and yet make something of it.

An Oliver without his Roland

ANOTHER picture which will be seen shortly in the West End is "The Bad One," in which Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe, who is temporarily divorced from Victor McLaglen, appear. Unlike Ruth Chatterton, Dolores Del Rio's Mexican accent is crossed with American and not English, and while she moves gracefully there are times when the camera is not too kind to her particular kind of beauty. She does not appear to the same advantage as she did on the silent screen.

ALTHOUGH Victor McLaglen is not in the picture, the material that opens it is on the same lines as "The Cock Eyed World" and "What Price Glory?"; that is, Edmund Lowe boasts of his conquests in no uncertain manner and proceeds to try and capture the defences of Dolores Del Rio, a Marseilles cabaret girl, who is apparently more innocent than she looks—or behaves. Having failed he offers marriage, and from that point the picture loses, obviously, all conviction and develops into romantic drama on approved Hollywood lines. He kills a man—a former lover—accidentally, is sentenced to Devil's Island where Del Rio follows. She even decides to marry a brutal warder in order to be near him. The convicts revolt, but Edmund Lowe frustrates them, is pardoned by the governor, and takes Del Rio to that haven of rest, Brooklyn, New York City. That is where all good foreigners go (in films) when they marry.

INCIDENTALLY, there is a lot of good production in this picture, and the entire cast is on a high level. What is so amazing is the nature of the morals one is expected to find convincing. The girl, apparently ready to get something for nothing all the time, suddenly becoming virtuous at the same time as the amorous sailor who is not above "ratting" on his fellow convicts after having ostensibly thrown his lot in with them. It would have been much better entertainment if the comedy of the opening scenes, with its broad humour touching on human foibles, had been continued to the end. L. C.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH — By Clemence Dane

A YEAR or two ago all the novels had to be written about To-day or To-morrow. Failing that, The-Day-Before-Yesterday had a certain selling power. But in the last few months the tide has turned and mere dull Yesterday has come into fashion again.

H. M. TOMLINSON'S *All Our Yesterdays* took us through it and made us feel that the Edwardians were children fooling on the edge of a precipice. Miss Dashwood, in *Three Daughters,* renewed for us the ancient boredoms of Mrs. Beeton dinner parties and husband hunting. Miss Delafield's *Turn Back the Leaves* reminded us that domestic tyranny did not end with the Married Woman's Property Act. And only last month "R. D. B.," in his delightful *Diary,* made us laugh at ourselves, our twelve-miles-an-hour speed limit, and our genuine horror of the female-with-the-cigarette.

NOW comes the poet and novelist, Victoria Sackville-West, to add her own special impressions to the general stock of memories. She tells the story of a young duke of the period, passionately attached to his home; hampered by the traditions of his class; spoilt by too much money; wasted upon silly love-affairs; ridden by self-consciousness and the curious inverted snobbery which believes that other people spend their lives in envying him; yet capable of becoming a fine creature if his set will let him!

ROUND him are grouped the set which, for the author, represent "The Edwardians," though "Some Edwardians" would have been a safer title. For so immediate a past is in everyone's memory. And memory tells us that the author's Edwardian Kensingtonians, for instance, are no more like the real thing than the wooden figures in Noah's ark are like the Noah family.

BUT of her chosen group itself Miss Sackville-West writes with a conviction that imposes belief upon the reader, though she draws the units cruelly enough. Her hero, Sebastian, is a vain, Byronic gesture of a man, and the lovely Sylvia an elle-frau, hollow-backed as a spoon. Even the modern Viola is dank-hearted and unlovable. Curiously, yet in spite of their author's dislike of them, these people, these shadows of yesterday, have a certain life—the cold life of an unacted Pinero play. Dead on paper, one yet feels that on their own stage they must have nevertheless been capable of holding their audiences entranced.

INDEED, Miss Sackville-West makes it plain enough that the true lives of these people were lived in public. Her Duchess dresses in public; her Sylvia makes love while all the world watches, and when Sebastian decides to escape from his cage, he does it on his way home from Westminster Abbey. Now we know well enough that publicity bleaches the individuality. Perhaps that is why the book becomes so particularly exciting, alive and moving, when all these individual Edwardians are gathered on their stages—at a Court ball, or dinner, a Coronation service; when, in fact, they are part of a pageant.

THEN, indeed, the reader cannot help himself; he must, he finds, hurry to the window and watch this Edwardian pageant. For Miss Sackville-West has a true gift for description, and she is, I think, at heart a poet-painter, after the order of Rosetti, rather than a workaday storyteller. She is moved to speech by things rather than by people, by the sights rather than by thoughts. Give her an impersonal scene and she writes superbly. Such described events as the Christmas tree party or the scene in the moonlit picture gallery live on in the reader's mind as intensely as if they had been actually experienced. And the description of the Coronation Service that closes the book has true magnificence.

"THE blue and silver of the velvet hangings, the blue mantle of the Prince of Wales, the grey heron plumes in his cap, the silks of the Indian princes, the lozenges on a herald's tabard, the crimson of the peers and peeresses massed in the transcepts, the motley of a jewelled window, the silence of the Throne, the slight stir, the absence of voices, the swell of the organ, the hushed arrivals, the sense of expectancy—all blended together into one immense and confused significance. It is to be doubted whether one person in that whole assembly had a clear thought in his head. Rather, words and their associations marched in a grand chain, giving hand to hand: England, Shakespeare, Elizabeth, London, Westminster, the Docks, India, the Cutty Sark, England, England, Gloucestershire, John of Gaunt, Magna Carta, Cromwell, England."

IS not this fine and moving? I wish I had space for the whole passage in which the King is crowned: but there is only room for the last picture.

"The Crown had been placed upon his head, the trumpets and drums had sounded, the people had cried 'God Save the King.' And at the moment when the Queen was crowned the peeresses had likewise put on their coronets, in a single gesture of exquisite beauty, their white arms rising with a sound like the rushing of birds' wings and a proud arching like the arching of the neck of a swan."

This is the poetry of history. I wish Miss Sackville-West would write us a modern "English Chronicle." She could do it!

Lenare

Miss Victoria Sackville-West, whose latest work, "These Victorians" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is the Book Society's Book of the Month. In private life she is the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson, the sister-in-law of Lord Carnock

OUR "CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

The Rover Saloon car which is the First Prize in our new Celebrities Disguised Competition (see page 458) is on view at the premises of Auto Distributors Ltd., 99, Baker Street, until Wednesday, May 28. From May 28 until June 3, it will be shown at Messrs. Mebes & Mebes' Ltd. of 144, Great Portland Street, after which date it can be seen at the showrooms of Messrs. Andrews' Motors, 50, Berkeley Street, these arrangements having been made by courtesy of Auto Distributors Ltd., the London Rover Distributors.

Although the competition has only THREE MORE WEEKS to run

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER.

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 18

Aldous Huxley, the latest addition to George Whitelaw's "Who's Zoo," is well known as a writer of novels and long-short stories, the most noted of which are probably "Antic Hay" and "Point Counter Point," and his latest book of stories, "Brief Candles," appeared a week or two ago. Although he was formerly on the editorial staff of the "Athenæum," his writings are hardly in keeping with the austere tone associated with that publication!

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Heavens Opened

By John Hastings Turner

JAMES GERARD WILLIAMS was a model husband. He loved his wife and children; saw to it that his conduct in general was all that could be desired; never looked at another woman; had no worries. Then he became unwell and was persuaded to visit a specialist. The sequel—complete with a moral—is unfolded in this story.

Illustrated by KEITH BRYANT

THIS is the story of James Gerard Williams, who prided himself upon his philosophy of life. The story has the dubious merit of possessing a moral, but the fact that the moral itself is dubious is on its side. The story is also true, which handicaps it considerably. Nevertheless, here is the story of James Gerard Williams, who prided himself upon his philosophy of life. . . .

He inherited a position in a firm of wool-brokers which, through no mental effort of his own, or, as far as one can see, anybody else's, was bound to bring him, in the early thirties at least, an income of five thousand pounds a year. When he was twenty-eight, a reasonable and cautious age, he married Elizabeth Emily, daughter of R. Baker, Esq. The marriage was eminently satisfactory. R. Baker, Esq., together with his wife, was luckily involved in a railway accident not many months afterwards, and so had no longer to be asked to dinner. James' own parents, by the grace of God, lived in Northumberland. Providence really seemed to have done everything it could for him and for Elizabeth Emily. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Once again, everything as it should be. They also had a Bentley saloon which James drove carefully and with pleasure. The Bentley may have been a little discontented, as it was never allowed to live faster than forty-five miles an hour. The nature of the beast being seventy, this probably was a source of unhappiness to the Bentley. But that doesn't matter. One's duty finishes with one's wife and children. Even one's housemaid must look after her own happiness. Which she does, these days, pretty effectually. J. G. Williams looked after his wife and family very well. It is true he had the money to do it, but he had the inclination, too, which is even rarer. He liked to think of himself as a good husband and father. Being thus selfishly interested in his own immediate dung-heap, ot which he saw himself the benevolent cock, he suffered no temptation at the hands of other women. James didn't see it quite like that. In fact, he saw it altogether differently. One can hardly blame him.

"STRAIGHT, clean fellow, Williams!" He had heard an old man at his club say that enthusiastically, as he was leaving the dining-room. The old man, who was toying with the idea that he wasn't really too old for just one more mistress, was, almost unconsciously, planting a reputation amongst his fellows for decency of outlook. And, in a way, he did really admire this Victorian conception which (thank God, privately) he had grown beyond. But James was definitely "bucked."

Not conceited about it, of course. Just glad that he wasn't as other men were. Damn it, he'd stop at the Haymarket Stores and take some fruit back to Elizabeth Emily.

OUTSIDE the entrance a woman smiled at him and twitched her shoulders. He shook his head slightly, and removed his hat to her. Secretly, he was delighted with himself for removing his hat. Live and let live. The lady was not delighted. She thought him a soppy fool. James was conscious of a distinct thrill. He imagined it was a feeling of enthusiasm for Elizabeth and the home circle. Of course, it was nothing of the sort. It was the enthusiasm for himself which every man experiences when he is accosted in the street and happens to be in the mood to say "no" politely. Men are much more easily flattered than women, except in their own homes. However, James was pleased, and spent two pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence on fruit for Elizabeth, who couldn't, of course, hope to eat it before it went bad. . . .

That evening he was definitely luxurious, and Elizabeth told herself she was a very lucky woman.

The cause of all this, tired but sticking to her job, hooked at last the old man who had been so enthusiastic about James at the club. She hooked him at eleven forty-nine, an hour at which he had never been really sober in his life. She told herself she was a very lucky woman, too.

"You can face life," James was saying to Elizabeth, "if you look it fairly and squarely in the eyes." He had no excuse for saying a thing like that. He was strictly sober.

"I always think," said Elizabeth, "that your ideas of life are the sanest and gentlest I know. You are, to my mind, the real thing that is meant by a philosopher."

James thought so too, but he smiled in a way that he knew was gentle and shook his head in a way he knew was attractive. Yet he did neither of these things deliberately. They were simply second nature to him.

"Don't be silly, chicken," he said.

No wonder they were happy!

But the next day he woke up with a pain in his stomach. James, with a pain in his stomach, seemed, in some odd way, to change his nature completely. He lay in bed and glared at the world. A feeling of grievance and unfair behaviour seemed to envelop him like a cloud. After a long argument, Elizabeth, anxious-eyed, persuaded him not to go to the office. He had never had any intention of going, but he easily persuaded himself that he had been persuaded. He wore the troubled look of a man who was convinced that his business was about to fall to pieces—the captain of a ship who should be on the bridge. He urged Elizabeth to telephone. "Tell them," he said, "not to hesitate to ring me up if they are in difficulties."

Elizabeth told them, and the clerk said, "Certainly, Mrs. Williams," expressing the hope that there was nothing serious the matter with Mr. Williams.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Elizabeth said she didn't know . . . they couldn't tell, yet. . . .

The clerk said to a colleague, "Old Williams has got a stomach-ache." The colleague said, "Good," and went on writing a letter to the girl he had picked up in a cinema two weeks before.

James Williams said, yes, he thought he might manage a little fish at lunch . . . not fried . . . done between two plates. Did Elizabeth understand?

Yes, Elizabeth understood. Oh, and a glass of port!

Did James think that wise? asked Elizabeth. Yes, James did. End of dialogue. But she would see that the children were kept very quiet. James luxuriated in bed. The pain was not really very bad. He slept a bit and dreamt rather delightfully. But, curiously enough, at lunch-time he could face nothing . . . not even a glass of port. The pain was worse—even intense. At first indignant that such a thing should happen to a "straight, clean" fellow like himself, he at last became alarmed. Elizabeth insisted on ringing up their doctor. James, still playing his part as a man, pooh-poohed this idea. But Elizabeth was firm. If she had not been, James would have rung up the doctor himself.

DR. HARDING a very busy man, was unable to come before six o'clock. James took this as a personal grievance. During the afternoon, he became definitely feverish, and a deep internal feeling of pure funk made this worse.

Dr. Harding, cheerful, impersonal, and a bit of a cynic, arrived at twenty minutes past five. He went over James efficiently, just as if he had been the engine of the Bentley. While he did this he talked about the prospects of a dry summer, and the possible commercial value of airships. Then he wrote some unintelligible things on a piece of note-paper and told James to stay in bed.

"Can you stop this damn pain?" asked James.

"I think so," answered Dr. Harding. "Oh, yes, Williams; I think this will fix that all right." He held up the sheet of note-paper.

"Well, what the hell's the matter with me?" asked James.

"A touch of gastritis," said Harding, smoothly. His hand ran round the lining of his hat. "Yes," he said, even more smoothly, "a touch of gastritis."

Outside, he told Elizabeth Emily the same thing. He urged her to keep James warm. He promised that the prescription he handed to her would ease James's stomach. So it ought . opium and the rest of it. How thankful patients should be that doctors make it impossible to read the prescriptions they write for them!

Dr. Harding got into his car and proceeded to his next case. *He* knew that something had got James Williams; something that wasn't going to let him go. And he knew what that something was.

His prescription soothed the pain almost immediately. James became almost himself again.

"When I am dead, my dearest," he chanted to Elizabeth, "sing no sad songs for me!" Elizabeth was a little shocked.

"Don't talk like that, dear," she said.

"That's my philosophy," he answered. She thought what a noble nature he had. She didn't connect it with the cessation of the pain. Nor did it ever cross her mind that maybe it was a trifle conceited of James Gerard Williams to take for granted that anybody would sing a sad song for him.

Of course she'd sing a sad song. Sing it in public, through the medium of black garments—until Society decided that she had sung enough. Her family had sung sad songs for generations. After which most of them had married again.

She sat late in the drawing-room, fooling away at imitation Jacobean tapestry. She couldn't help wondering what her feelings would be if James were to die. (Not now, of course. He only had a touch of gastritis.) But supposing, in the end, he were to die before herself? Life would be very empty, wouldn't it? . . . Or would it? That was a very wicked thought. Practically anything that remotely approaches the truth is a very wicked thought. She dashed intensely at her Jacobean muddle. Anyway, when James died a "great soul would have passed." She had no doubts whatever about that. And, in a way, it was a comforting thought. . . . .

DIFFICULT to know why. Pride, perhaps. Pride that once that great soul had chosen her from amongst all the others. But Elizabeth Emily didn't work it out as far as that. She didn't work it out at all. She kept on telling herself she was very lucky, and the mother of two fine children.

Kept on telling herself. Why, again? Reassurance. Somewhere in Elizabeth Emily were forgotten ambitions. Requiescat in pace. Another kind of opium. Keeping her asleep, as it was keeping James asleep upstairs.

She had a peep at him before she went to bed. His heavy, contented breathing was the same as she had always known it. Once she had thought it rather trying. . . . What a wicked thought! But she had got used to it.

She knelt down by her bed and prayed as usual. Her prayers grew longer every year. Always new names to put in the list. And to-night a special prayer for James's stomach, on top of the aunts and cousins and everybody.

The draught from under the door whistled round her knees. Elizabeth had contracted many a chill by this method.

The next morning James was better. He was tired, but he faced eggs and bacon. Dr. Harding came just after twelve o'clock. He expressed delight in the improvement of his patient. James, impressing on him that it was essential that he should get to business, asked him his opinion as to when.

Dr Harding told him he had better stay in bed for another two days.

"No use taking unnecessary risks," said Dr. Harding. (He was a *real* philosopher.)

A FORTNIGHT later he called again. Just looked in. How had James been getting

on? No more attacks of pain? One or two, eh? Slight ones. . . . Ah . . . well, how about seeing a specialist? He himself didn't pretend to be . . . er . . omnipotent. Sir Godfrey Brancaster, on the other hand. . . . Anyway, it might be a comfort to the wife, eh?

Well, of course, James thought specialists all rubbish, but if it was going to be a comfort to the wife. . . . After all, we married men, we've got a job to do, eh? A husband is always on duty, eh? Ha! ha!

Dr. Harding laughed too. He'd trained himself to do anything, like a performing seal.

So they went to see Sir Godfrey.

Or, of course, what really happened was that Dr. Harding saw Sir Godfrey, and James was allowed to come up afterwards and pay Sir Godfrey five guineas.

This was the conversation between Dr. Harding and Sir Godfrey.

Dr. Harding gave him the diagnosis in outline.

Sir Godfrey tapped his teeth with the end of a gold Onoto.

"Certain?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Bad as that?"

"*I* think so."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Tell him."

"Wise, do you think?"

"In this case I should imagine it was."

"Money involved?"

"A good deal . . . I should say . . . one way and another."

"What's his temperament?"

"Sound."

"Not artistic . . . or any nonsense of that sort?"

"No. Honest husband and father. No brains to speak of. A steady type. I think he'd want to know."

Prolonged tapping of pen on Sir Godfrey's teeth.

"Not the kind of man who'd tell his wife, Harding?"

"Last thing he'd do."

The great man nodded.

"Very well. I'll tell him. And then it's morphia from now on, eh?"

"That's how I see it."

Sir Godfrey nodded again, and pressed a bell under the carpet. A white-dressed nurse stood in the doorway. The specialist didn't even look up.

"If I ring for you," he said, "it means I want brandy."

"Very well, Sir Godfrey." Exit nurse. Downstairs James Gerard Williams is holding last month's *Punch* upside down, and wondering what's the matter with the yellow-faced lady who is pretending to read *The Illustrated London News*.

Another bell. Another nurse.

"I'll see Mr. Williams."

"Very well, Sir Godfrey."

The great man looked at the G.P.

"When I give you the cue, Harding, you'd better disappear. If he *does* break down he won't want to do it in front of the family doctor."

"I get you, Sir Godfrey."

Enter James Gerard Williams. The great man shakes hands with him and fixes him with keen, penetrating eyes. J. G. Williams is impressed. Sir Godfrey knew he would be. Not that it matters much, since J. G. Williams won't be coming here again. Still, the great man couldn't help doing the old trick. It had made him a fortune.

"The truth is, Mr Williams, that you are very far from well"

"I'm afraid," he said, "we've kept you waiting a long time." (We. He and Dr. Harding together. Old-world courtesy. Guaranteed never to miss fire.)

"Not at all," answered James. He was awed, of course; miles under his proper form. The long wait below had got him down. Specialists bank on this.

"We'll just have a look at you," said Sir Godfrey cheerfully. James removed his clothes and lay on a settee with leopard-skin rugs. Sir Godfrey strapped things on his wrist and watched a red fluid jump up and down in a tube. James was impressed. Harding wasn't. What was the use of taking a man's blood-pressure when. . . . Damn it, he'd found out all he wanted to know with his fingers! Sir Godfrey made notes on a little pad. Earning his five guineas, thought Harding bitterly. But that wasn't fair. Sir Godfrey—after all the mumbo-jumbo—had got to tell the poor devil. . . . Five guineas? Well, Sir Godfrey, he supposed, was used to it. Harding was a poor man, but he was sensitive. He sat on his chair, watching the preliminary farce. We wasn't sure he'd face the next ten minutes for fifty guineas. He couldn't help admiring Sir Godfrey. Matter-of-fact, giving an impression of thoroughness, of confidence, of omnipotence. . . . Well, that's why he got five guineas. . . .

HARDING'S brain flew off to a woman he was to see at five. What she needed was Glauber salts. . . . Why shouldn't he make it impressive, as Sir Godfrey would? No time. He'd a case of bronchitis at a quarter to six.

Sir Godfrey appeared to have finished with James. Anyway, James was putting on his shirt.

"Well, Harding," said the specialist, speaking, as doctors do, as if they had known each other for years. . . . "Well, Harding, I entirely agree with what you told me. Entirely. But I'd like a word with your patient. . . . Are you in a hurry?"

Harding realised that this was his cue. He looked at his watch.

"Well, Sir Godfrey, unless you specially want me . . ."

"Not at all, my dear fellow . . . not at all. You chaps with a big practice! Upon my word, I don't know how you get through it. I really don't know how you get through it."

Pat on the back from Sir Godfrey. All according to plan. Exit Dr. Harding to car below. "26, Bagham Gardens."

The lady who needed the salts. Thank God, he wasn't upstairs facing James Gerard Williams!

"Sir down, Mr. Williams. . . . Cigarette?"

"Thank you." James didn't want a cigarette, but he couldn't have refused it. Just couldn't. The whole atmosphere of the place took away one's will-power. Sir Godfrey was finding with his foot the bell under the desk. When he had found it, and had the toe of his boot poised above it, he again fixed James with those intense eyes.

"I rather fancy myself, Mr. Williams," he said, "as a judge of character. I think you've got a pretty sound mind."

"I hope so, Sir Godfrey."

"Yes. Well, in my position . . . my job, Mr. Williams, we have to make up our minds what we are going to say to a patient . . . very largely from our observation of him."

"I'd like to hear the truth," said James. Sir Godfrey knew he would say that, had led him to it just as surely as if he had a string in his nose.

But James didn't want to hear the truth. He wanted to be told to take a course of bismuth and be sure to get two rounds of golf every week. His heart was rampaging about inside him like some frantic animal. What on earth did the fellow mean, and why didn't he take his eyes off him, even for a second?

"I thought you'd say that, Mr. Williams," said the specialist. "I felt you were that kind of man."

("Well, I am," said James to himself. "I am!") Why the hell wouldn't his heart stop bumping about like that? Sir Godfrey made quite certain that his toe was over the bell. He leant over the table.

"The truth is, Mr. Williams, that you are very far from well."

"Meaning?" James was determined to live up to his idea of himself.

"So far from well, that I'm afraid you should—er—put your affairs in order." Well, there was no mistaking what that meant.

JAMES felt his thighs go numb. He knew that, at that moment, he was unable to stand up. His fingers, too, seemed to be doing things by themselves.

He heard a voice which he couldn't recognise as his own say, "How long?" He didn't hear any more. He felt his hands getting very cold, and his forehead getting very damp . . . and then he had a vague idea that he was sliding through his chair.

But long before that, of course, Sir Godfrey had put his foot on the bell. . . . When James came round he was in another room, and a pleasant-featured matron, all in white, had her cool fingers round his pulse. Triumph for the matron, who still looked pleasant, though her whole life consisted of answering a bell and carrying brandy. James came round, saying, "How long?" and the pleasant-faced matron, who thought he was referring to his faint, and who was paid to be comforting, said, "Not long now."

James lay back and closed his eyes and thought. He didn't really know whether the voice which had said "Not long now" belonged to the creature in white, who seemed part of a dream, or to Dr. Harding or to Sir Godfrey, both of whom seemed anything but a dream.

But in the end he came properly round, and found that his legs belonged to him and that he had a home to which he was expected to go, and that Sir Godfrey's fee was five guineas. He was told this awfully tactfully and gently, when the white-clad matron was quite certain that he was "round." That was part of her job, too.

But, pathetic as it may appear, no one can rightly blame Sir Godfrey for this. He sat in that room, after all, to make his living. He had two women to support, quite apart from his wife . . . and he didn't really like telling people they were going to die. In fact, one or two affairs like that almost spoilt his day. And, anyway, the whole business of being a specialist had entirely killed his sense of humour, for the loss of which he surely was entitled to everything he could get.

James, sitting back in an abominable and ancient taxi, faced facts.

He had paid his five guineas and had brought away one definite phrase. . . . "Not long now." Nobody had told him what was the matter with him, though one would have thought one had a right to that for one's money. . . .

Not that it mattered very much. He'd got to fall back on his philosophy of life; that was all. It had become a philosophy of death. If one is honest, one finds that it always does. If there was no death, what need for a philosophy of life?

James was not honest. He had pinned his faith to being a "gentleman," to being "good to his wife and kids"—without ever telling them the truth about himself or anything else. He had done this for so long that he didn't know the truth about himself. He had a vague idea he'd see it through . . . that was all. A vague idea, inextricably mixed with a phrase about keeping a flag flying.

He got out of the taxi, paid the man and opened his front door. His flag was flying like anything. . . .

I think you ought to know, at this point, that this isn't a pleasant story. It's not the kind of thing we all gather round the fire about. . . .

But I think I warned you that it was true?

JAMES behaved like a perfect gentleman. He told Elizabeth that everything had gone splendidly . . . that the specialist had advised a short holiday. (Not long now . . . not long now.) Oh, yes. The specialist had given him a prescription. (The touching faith women have in drugs!)

"Of course, dear, I'll take it. Take it religiously, my darling. I'll be as right as rain in no time. And, look here, the weather's wonderful—let's take the kids to the sea for a fortnight."

For that was the plan his "philosophy" had arrived at, and it pleased him immensely.

Take the children and wife to the sea. Do it well. No need, in these circumstances, to think about money. Lie on the sands, watching them dig their castles and bring up the tiny crabs in their fat hands, and get browner every day. Organise jolly picnics . . . give the wife a good time . . . make it a holiday they'd remember all their lives. Jolly old dad—By God . . . he was a good sort!

And should he leave a note, to be opened after his death, saying that he had known all the time, and that he hoped they'd had a happy holiday?

It was a great temptation.

But what was the good? He wouldn't be there to enjoy it. But to lie on the sands, watching them enjoying themselves. It gave him a warm thrill all over. He felt like an exquisite edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson.

Anyway, they'd know . . . afterwards. Elizabeth Emily would never cease to tell the son and heir of father's splendid courage . . . (poor little devil!)

James was going to be like Mr. Britling. He was going to see it through.

They went to a place called Woollacombe, which has stretches of golden sand and green rocks with pools and the gentler moods of the Atlantic. Nature has been very kind to Woollacombe, man not so kind. The hotel has an American Bar, but the windows have not been built to fit their frames, and when the wind blows no wedge made by man will help you. And, when the wind is in a certain quarter, great foul yellow pieces of surf are blown against the panes and stick there. . . . And if it rains at Woollacombe you have found the edge of the pavement at the edge of the world.

(Continued on page 470)

LUDMILLA PITOEFF

Who will play the title rôle opposite her husband, George Pitoeff, in Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan" during C. B. Cochran's and Maurice Browne's forthcoming International Season. "St. Joan" will be produced at the Globe Theatre on June 10

A mid-season example of a sports suit by Schiaparelli made in contrasting shades of light and dark grey tweed, and jersey with the originality of treatment always shown by this creator. Model Schiaparelli

THE L
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CLOTHES are slipping back more and more into an increasing femininity and elaboration, to which is added a greater subtlety and distinction than the old days ever knew. "But how," asks indignant Woman, "can we possibly wear these more elegant dresses, the longer and wider skirts, when we travel by bus or tube?" To which the French couturier replies politely but firmly that we are not meant to. For the practical side of life he has contributed the most practical of garments and allowed a latitude in sports clothes that even the most daring of women have not all yet accepted. But he is determined that the élégante shall once more be truly elegant for the formal occasion, and for this she must have the necessary appurtenances and background. This distinction—one of chic rather than class—has always existed in France, and by great determination has it been brought back by the French couturier.

IF there is one thing I would wish to capture and endeavour to present by any words of mine to my fair readers it would be to attempt to define that elusive quality for which we are forced to use the French term—chic. It is not by any means the peculiar attribute of the pretty woman. Often, indeed, her particular type may be detrimental to acquiring it, especially if she be of the picture-postcard kind and dresses to it by keeping a baby-faced, ringleted beauty. Rather is it more likely to be possessed by a woman of good figure, well-shaped head and charm of manner. Chic is perhaps best described as a sense of balance in clothes, an unerring taste and a certain dramatic quality that adapts the style of the moment to the personality of the wearer.

IN Paris there is a great respect and admiration always shown for la femme chic. For her milliner and dressmaker alike make unusual efforts. She is admired, encouraged, flattered, for her chic is a valuable asset to them, while to her exquisite dress sense the big creators bow. They will proudly tell you the names of the women world-famous for their elegance who come to them—famous, be it noted—for their chic. So important is the dress trade in France that the head of more than one big house has had conferred upon it the Legion of Honour because of the benefit they have done to the trade of the country. Who in the world has ever suggested that any big London dressmaker or tailor should be similarly rewarded? Yet many have undoubtedly done more to encourage trade in England than some recipient of orders one could mention. Over this whole subject we exhibit a crass stupidity and an incurable laziness. I hope I may be forgiven when I say how much more useful the patriotic woman might be if she were to help her home manufacturers bring out a new pattern or quality in material that would appeal to the fashionable all over the world rather than make herself look hideous by wearing some ghastly cotton affair for a week or two!

A charming suit in black taffeta with gored skirt and blouse of white tucked georgette and coat lined to match. Model Worth

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THERE is one rather surprising feature of the mid-Season collections, and

LUSIVE ITY OF C

By Blanche B. Elliott

that is the distinctly new line which is apparent. Those who have sat back and not bothered to come over and see will find that their eye is not quite in to the change of the mode. This has also a disconcerting aspect which was voiced by an American woman who was present at a big house when the mid-Season collection was being shown. Her plaint was that she had bought in the Spring collection and found her dresses did not conform to the new line shown, although she had not yet worn the dresses at all!—and proceeded to bring out a formidable sheaf of paid bills. I did not wait to learn how the diplomatic vendeuse dealt with the situation!

TAFFETA of a dull surface and supple quality is having an unqualified success just now, and for smart and practical summer wear a little suit of a sac coat and skirt, such as our artist has shown, is an excellent choice. With it can be worn the daintiest of lace or mousseline de soie blouses, and the short coat gives the necessary wrap which the changeable English climate makes so necessary. Lelong uses plain taffeta enormously for the most delicious tailored evening frocks in deep, indescribable shades. There is a lovely blue that is tinged with mauve tersely termed "Lelong blue," and there is a red that is so brown that it approaches rust or something near the shade that was picturesquely called "dried ox blood" a season or two back. Or, again, one might call it brown wine. Thus is the poor fashion scribe at her wits' end to describe the shade and the copyist confounded, as they are expressly dyed for the house.

THESE same taffetas are made with evening coats (some short and some like short coats which have added a tail and bordered it with fur) in the same or lighter shade of taffeta or velvet. Sleeves are more and more exaggerated, some having very deep frills hanging down from wrist to elbow. The length of the skirt is to the ground all round for evening and the usual shorter lengths for day wear. The fullness flares outwards from about the knee. I did not see a single train. Any idea of skimpiness has gone, and this flaring, gored tendency has taken its place. Bodices are complicated and often one-sided, and for the summer at least the short coat rivals the popularity of the cape.

THERE is a curious floating bird-like quality in Lucien Lelong's models as the mannequins drift towards one, and I am always struck afresh by the charm and soigné look of the creations from this house. For the jeune fille there are some delightful frocks in unusual pale shades known as "pastel" for want of a better term, and a great many off-whites. Navy blue is in for a long run, and is as popular for day as for evening wear. The pin-head dot in an exclusive Bianchini print is shown for summer suits at a price which even makes the big houses stagger, and a new larger-dotted woollen shown by Patou is very unusual. Colours for summer wear are all the pale shades you may desire, and lots of white with bright touches. Coloured scarves and large handkerchiefs knotted at the not-quite-centre back replace capes for sports. A long white coat will be found enormously useful, such as the Worth model, to wear over little summer frocks, while Schiaparelli's model in two shades of grey from her latest mid-season collection predicts what we are to wear for early autumn—already!

B. B. E.

A summer coat in toile blanche with the scarf ends of the cape folding across the front. It illustrates a new mid-season mode. The close fitting béret is worn further back than ever. *Model Worth*

The 15.7 h.p. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon Rover Car which is our First Prize

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED No. 9

No. 51
SEEN ON THE SCREEN

No. 52 FAMOUS AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT

No. 53
A PEERESS DIARIST

No. 54.—SINGS, DANCES AND ACTS

No. 55
A YOUNG THEATRICAL STAR

No. 56.
A FAMOUS CRICKETER

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A Cheque for **£50**

THIRD PRIZE:
A Cheque for **£25**

25 Free Subscriptions for One Year to "The Bystander," Value **£3.3.0** each.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover ii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week

THIS IS OUR NINTH LIST: THERE ARE ONLY THREE MORE! KEEP IT UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED.

YOU CAN ENTER NOW!

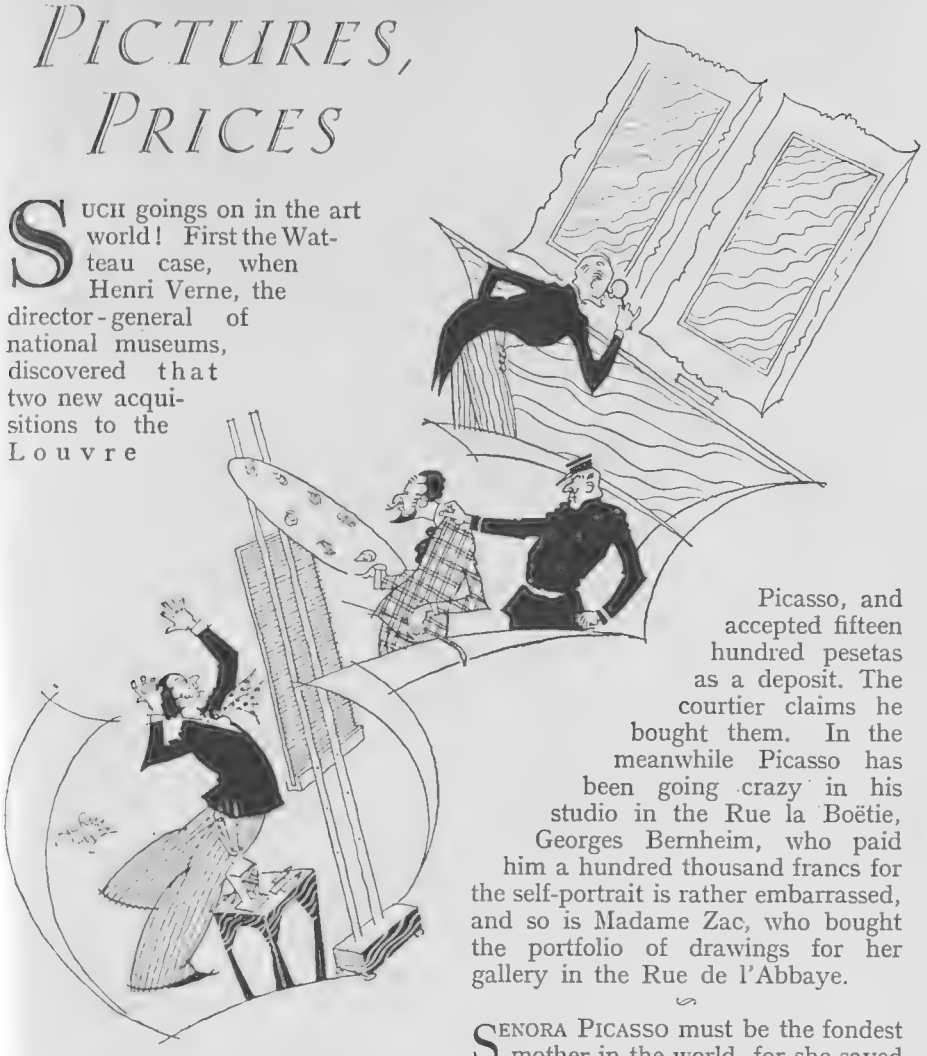
The first three lists of "Celebrities Disguised" can be had on application to the Publisher, Inveresk House, W.C.2, on receipt of 9d. in stamps or a Postal Order. Other back numbers can be obtained at 1/2 each, post free.

PARIS GOSSIP

PICTURES, PRICES AND PLAYS

By Sylvia Lyon

SUCH goings on in the art world! First the Watteau case, when Henri Verne, the director-general of national museums, discovered that two new acquisitions to the Louvre were not Watteaus at all, but very good examples of one of Watteau's pupils. However, Verne says that he likes these paintings, and an amicable arrangement will be made with the dealer who sold them to the Louvre on perfectly good faith, by making a refund on the price involved.



"Such goings on in the Art world"

THEN there was the case of the false Millets, and I thought how considerate it was, how very methodical, that all these picture scandals should be revealed chronologically. And finally the Picasso affair. The great Spaniard, father of Cubism, which he founded for a joke and then discarded, discovered to his horror that his dear old mother down in Barcelona had sold several hundred of his drawings, and one self-portrait, executed in his childhood, to an itinerant picture "courtier" for practically nothing.

HIS mother avers that she gave the drawings to the courtier, with the understanding that they were merely borrowed in order to make reproductions for a new book on Picasso, and accepted fifteen hundred pesetas as a deposit. The courtier claims he bought them. In the meanwhile Picasso has been going crazy in his studio in the Rue la Boëtie, Georges Bernheim, who paid him a hundred thousand francs for the self-portrait is rather embarrassed, and so is Madame Zac, who bought the portfolio of drawings for her gallery in the Rue de l'Abbaye.

SENORA PICASSO must be the fondest mother in the world, for she saved these precocious works of art, whereas any self-respecting mother would first spank her son for having such advanced learnings, and then send for a doctor to examine his head. Because if, after all, Picasso paintings were considered mad as recently as fifteen years ago, you can imagine what even a fond mother would have thought of them forty years ago. Anyhow, I suppose that when asked why he made off with the drawings, the courtier said, to quote an American humorist, "Picasso like nice things."

BUT one benefit can be derived from these picture incidents: people are now rushing to every gallery in order to become last-minute Picasso experts, or driving down to Fontainebleau to unearth some Millets hidden under prehistoric haystacks. By doing so, they can keep their minds off the current Salon, thereby saving themselves from headaches.

HENRI BERNSTEIN'S *Félix* is being revived at the Gymnase. Bernstein loves to write about liars, as he earlier revealed in *Le Sécret,* and in the more recent *Mèlo*. If Bernstein ever runs out of material, I wish he would consult me, because I do know some of the most wonderful liars, who would make his heroines, and the hero of *Félix* (who only lies white lies to hide his emotions) look like Diogenes.

THE present success is Jacques Deval's *Etienne,* the problem

THE DANCE OF THE CYMBALS *Photopress*

Mlle Chrysis, the dancer, who is appearing in the Folies Begère revue in Paris. She is one of the most popular revue stars on the Continent

HELEN AND THE QUIET LIFE

being that sometimes mothers become jealous when their sons grow up and step out. The audiences look very intelligent, and blame it on the Œdipus complex, which, no doubt, the author did not even think of. . . The present failure is René Gignoux' *Le Prof' d'Anglais*, at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées. Louis Jouvet, the producer, acts the leading rôle, and I am tiring of his gaining effects of naïveté by keeping his mouth open. Between you and me, I don't think it is good acting at all; I think it is adenoids.

RANDOM thoughts, encounters and experiences of the week: meeting at a tea-party, Neville Lytton, grandson of Bulwer, and son of that Lord Lytton who was Ambassador in Paris. Neville Lytton has a grey head of the variety known as leonine, is an artist, and rarely emerges from Montparnasse . . . Being told by friends about a luncheon where Helen Wills Moody was present; these old ears were delighted to hear that a diplomat at the party had been doing his best to have her go out with him. But she dined alone in her room, she said, and never went out in the evening, even to a movie. "And who was this diplomat," I asked, "who was inveigling our Helen to go out?" "Knobel" (or something like that) I was told. "Claudel?" I asked. "No, Knobel." "Well," I said, "I am going to say it was Paul Claudel (the French Ambassador at Washington), because he has been in the papers so much of late, what with correspondents saying that the première of his opera, *Christophe Colombe* was hissed in Berlin, and more loyal critics writing to the contrary."

BY coincidence I saw Claudel's son dining at evening at Prunier's, where also was the widow of Nungesser. . . . At the Bœuf I saw Georges Carpentier and Lita Gray Chaplin, and at Maria Guy's I saw Anita Loos exclaiming over the newest hat, a veritable skull-cap of black velvet. . . . I learned that when André Gide, the author of "Cellars of the Vatican," "The Counterfeiters," and "The School for Wives," receives callers, he wears a strange suit of beige flannel of Victorian cut, with a violet satin waistcoat.

FRANK WHITBURN

CONNOISSEUR (*on sick list*): "James, this medicine is corked!"

Janet Jevons

Margery Binner, who is appearing in the "Silent Witness," at the Comedy Theatre. She will shortly be seen in London with Nelson Keys in a new play, "Making a Man"

BY the way, although the translation has not yet been announced, watch out for "Robert," the sequel to "The School for Wives." Robert, the husband of the woman in the first book, comes out and answers back, in the most injured, whining tone, and reveals himself as being even more complacant and stupid and self-righteous than his wife's estimation.

WHEN Jean-Jacques Brousson's new book, "Les Nuits Sans Culottes," appeared, I thought the title looked naughty, but perhaps the book was not. I bought it, read it, and will never dare enter the librairie again, so sure am I that my guilty blushes will announce an oncoming stroke of apoplexy. My immediate impression of the book, which consists of four stories of the French Revolution, was that it was written in the spirit of the more intimate conversations of Brousson and Anatole France, whose secretary he was.

But Brousson has, with some brutal magic, evoked the atmosphere of the Terror, especially the manner of speech of the epoch. He avoids the feeling of the picturesque, by causing the pungency of his character's conversations to flow over into his own style of writing. But I would suggest that "Les Nuits" be forbidden to readers over sixteen years of age. Nobody under that age could possibly understand it, so no harm could be done.

S. L.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

REALLY NICE BEHAVIOUR

By Ralph Straus

Raphael

MR. CHARLES GRAVES

The author of "—and the Greeks" (Bles, 7s. 6d.). Lightly written and quaintly illustrated, it tells of places in the West End and on the Continent where the wealthiest—if not necessarily the best—people are to be met

AH ha! and what have we here? It is surely our old and well-beloved friend, the Book of Etiquette once again burning to do us all manner of service. True, like many other aliens, it has now changed its name. It will not even allow us to call it a Book of Etiquette at all. But we are not to be deceived. In all such matters we are experts. (Did we not once win a competition for guessing the number of miles which a napkin travelling westwards from Charing Cross would be able to cover before being transformed into a serviette? And did we not once disastrously collide with a gargantuan lady—she was the very image of the Albert Hall—and crave pardon for our clumsiness, and hear from her lips that it was "granted as soon as asked," and spoil the delicate compliment by our startled "What did you say?")

NO, the publishers of *Good Manners and Bad* (Benn: 10s. 6d.) may call it a "study of the finer shades of social conduct," and its author, Mr. Hugh Scott may omit "the minutiæ of social observances," but—it is clearly our old friend, shorn of all, or nearly all, of his Adelaidian quaintness, and now dressed up in a literary cloak which does not suit him at all. Mr. Scott does his best, but he is too keen to make sure that you should smile only in the rightest of right places, and, of course, it is not good manners ever to laugh,, even if you happen to be alone in the room with a book. (Somebody might hear you in the next house, and complain to the police.)

THERE is a tincture of learning in his book, but it is only a tincture. His style, I admit, is gracious. And, according to his publishers, he has sprinkled his pages with "numerous good stories." Well, it is pleasant to find that even publishers can still be optimistic. Then there are quotations from Dr. Johnson, whose own manners would have shocked Mr. Scott very hideously indeed, though I doubt whether he realises the fact, and from Lord Chesterfield, and from the late George Russell. There is also some admirable advice for our Bright Young Things. The only trouble about it is that (a) it will never reach their ears, and (b) if it did, it assuredly would not be followed. But why pretend, as his publishers do, that Mr. Scott is breaking "entirely new ground"? It is very old ground indeed.

Raphael

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD

Her book, "Turn Back The Leaves," which was published last March by Macmillans, has achieved a big success

ENOUGH. If you are going to dine with a duchess next week, and have never dined with one before, and if you have mislaid your copies of *True Politeness in the Best Society* (1838), *Knives, Peas and Queues* (1872), and *Remember, a Footman Has Ears* (4th edition, 1886), you may be able to give her a hint or two from this book as to best way of playing hostess. And you will certainly be furnished with a few genteel topics of conversation, notably the bad behaviour of many English people abroad. But if ever you are really in doubt about either the finer or coarser shades of social conduct, I would have you read, not Mr. Scott, but his amiable predecessors of long ago. Then, at any rate, you will be able to enjoy a real good laugh. To be candid, I can see no reason for yet another of these rather pontifical manuals, even though it happen to be agreeably written.

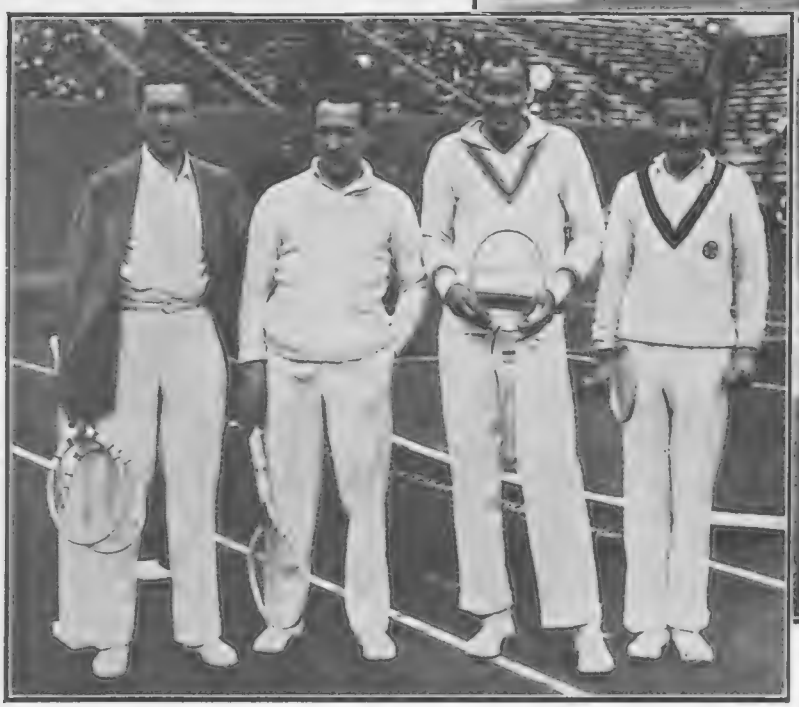
AND now for some of the new fiction. I must give the palm to *Many Captives* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.). This is John Owen's second novel, and a most worthy successor to his *Shepherd and the Child*. I found it a most moving and very beautiful book—the kind of novel which even a reviewer wants to read slowly, so that nothing is missed. The title explains the theme. (If I had not used *The Prison Without a Wall* myself years ago for a novel I would have suggested it to Mr. Owen.) He introduces you to a little group of people living in a village—outwardly not very extraordinary, but each within his own prison.

SO you have Gil, the handyman, deafened by the War, hugging his own secret, and losing his girl. You have Tom Stone, the publican, caught by the miser's love for his money. You have the Feeors, rigidly bound by their silly social ambitions. And then there is Crossford, the once rich cotton merchant, who has suffered four years' hell in a real prison. And around these people Mr. Owen weaves the most delicate story, richly dramatic, pitifully true. There are tragic happenings whilst Crossford, helped by his wife and Gil, is regaining his manhood, but you are never depressed. It is useless for me to try to sketch out in any outline the story: I can only say—read this book. I do not wish to be unduly enthusiastic, but it seems to me to be near to greatness.

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS IN PARIS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

THEN there is a new book of stories by Mr. Aldous Huxley. *Brief Candles* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*), however, is disappointing; too similar to other books which he has written. There are four studies of women getting round men, or trying to do so. Very modern, of course, but not, I thought, very exciting. It is all very well sticking a pin down on to the map of life, and examining the tiny hole—this, I suppose, is what Mr. Huxley is doing—but in time it becomes monotonous. Terribly clever, no doubt, but it all seems to lead to nowhere at all. I prefer Mr. Huxley these days when he is not trying to tell a story.

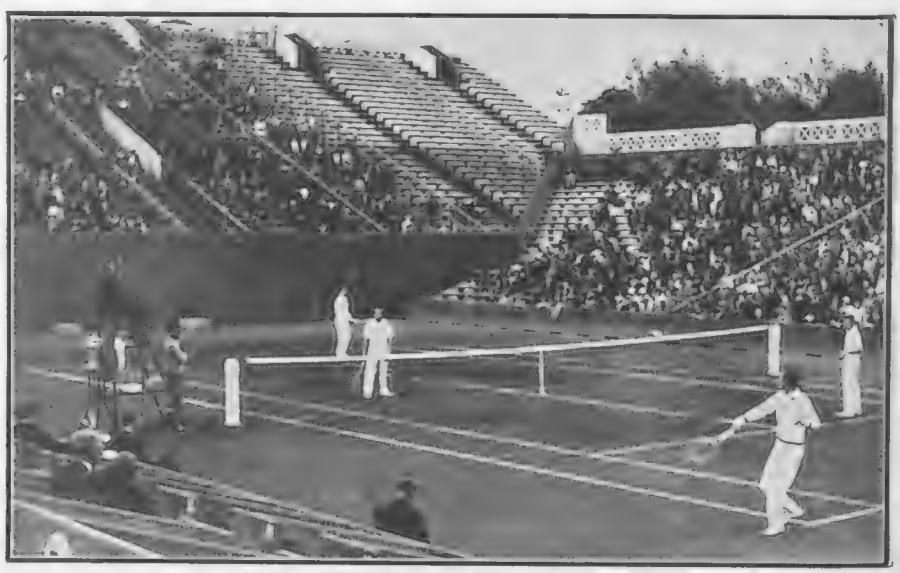


W. T. Tilden, of America, as an honorary member of the International Club of Great Britain, paired up with H. W. Austin (on the right) and defeated J. Brugnon (extreme left) and H. Cochet of France by 2—6, 6—4, 6—4

The meeting of the International Clubs of France and Great Britain was a prelude to the French Championships, and included in the matches was one between J. Borotra (on the left), representing France, and H. W Austin, England. Borotra won by 6—4, 6—8, 7—5, thus reversing the decision at their last meeting held on a covered court

I HAVE said that his ladies are modern. By comparison those who you will meet in Mr. Burton Hewitt's first novel, *Shadows of Splendour* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.*), are almost painfully Victorian. Actually they become terrified lest they should be left alone in a room with a man! In these post-War days, too! The men, moreover, are hardly post-Edwardian. There is a millionaire who refuses for months to realise that he has fallen in love with the girl intended for his nephew. But Mr. Hewitt has a pleasant story to tell, and he introduces you to Miss Patience, whose methods of reducing a would-be young cave-man to submission may be widely commended. She, indeed, is a gem of a woman. R. S.

Can the London police cope with the murderous methods of Chicago gunmen? In a novel entitled *When the Gunmen Came* John Hunter tells how the force worked against such a gang, and came out on top. But Jenny Trent did something to help. Jenny's acquaintance is worth making. This new thriller is now available from Cassell's.



The match in progress, J. Brugnon is on the far base line, H. Cochet at the net. W. T. Tilden, in the foreground, is returning the ball, and H. W. Austin occupies a somewhat unorthodox position in a men's double close to the service line.

Everywhere, all the time, dust is settling on your skin + + +

The majority of these minute specks of dust gather on the surface, from which their removal with soap and water has always been a simple matter. A relatively small number of dust particles enter the pores, so that soap and water cannot dislodge them. These are more to be feared, for their attack on the complexion is more insidious. They not only spoil the skin's transparency, giving it a greyish look, but also prevent it from functioning properly, hindering the processes which keep it young and supple.

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FLYING NOTES

CLUBS AND THEIR MEETINGS

Planet News Planet News Topical

EVERYONE A PILOT TO-DAY

Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest (left), the former Secretary of State for Air, has taken his ticket at the age of 55; Kaye Don, the racing motorist (centre), who was in the R.A.F. during the War, recently became a member of the Brooklands Aero Club, and Mr. W. G. Broomhall (right), the 17-year-old British Amateur Indoor Ice Skating Champion, is another recruit to flying

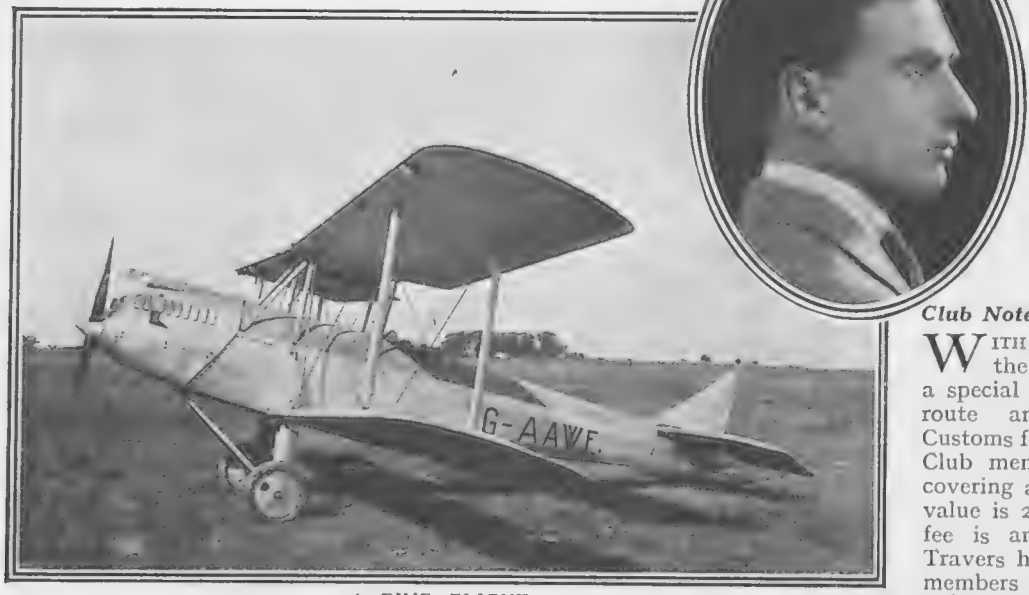
By Capt. C. E. Ward

A Royal Occasion

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE is to open a Municipal Aerodrome for the West Country at Bristol on Saturday next, the 31st. The old site at Filton remains as a testing ground for the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the Club having already moved to the new one, which it is to administer for the Corporation. A first-class Air Pageant with support from Royal Air Force Squadrons will be the attraction on the opening day, the programme commencing at 3 p.m. All competitors are expected to arrive by midday on Friday in order to take part in the preliminary heats which will be flown before the Pageant. The Rally is open only to competitors starting from the Continent, and the race for the S.B.A.C. Challenge Cup only to Club members, but all comers may compete in the "Bristol Aerial Derby." Foreign visitors by air are the guests of the Corporation for the long week-end, and British pilots and their crews for the opening day. The Lancashire Club is entering its oldest and youngest machines for all possible events. Both machines were presented to the Club by their president, Lord Wakefield, the old one being the Moth "MQ" and the latest a Hermes "Avian."

Rolling Down to Rio

NOT content with neglecting Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados to such an extent that offers have been received from the United States to take them in part exchange for some War debt, we allow the Americans to obtain their air mail contracts and don't even send a squadron of British flying boats to show the flag. The Americans, French, Italians and Germans have been flying all over South America, with considerable profit to their home industries. One of the few British flights in the Southern Continent was completed recently by Mr. Edward Rayson, who made the trip from Buenos Aires to Pernambuco on a Cirrus Avian. The first regular weekly air mail flight across the South Atlantic has passed almost unnoticed. Mails which left Paris on Saturday night were delivered in Buenos Aires on the following Wednesday night, and in Santiago, Chile, on Thursday. M. Mermoz, the pilot on the trans-Atlantic section, made the journey from Senegal in West Africa to Brazil in 21¼ hours non-stop. The average British pilot and machine having proved time and again to be superior to the equivalent from other countries, it is rumoured that the Government is going to risk a few thousands under the latest £1,000,000 subsidy scheme to purchase some fast mail 'planes so that we can show some results in that direction.



A FINE FLIGHT

The Cirrus Avian in which Mr. Edward Knowles Rayson, seen above, performed a remarkable flight in South America. He flew from Buenos Aires to Pernambuco in two days

All the Comforts of Home

THE Norfolk and Norwich Club, with a membership approaching the 500 mark, has an excellent club-house complete with steward and waiters to serve meals at all hours. Covered hard courts for tennis and badminton will be ready for play at the beginning of next month. The third annual Flying Meeting is arranged for Saturday, June 26, at Monsehold Aerodrome, and the event is one of the few provincial meetings in which R.A.F. pilots will take part officially. Mr. J. D. Siddeley and Messrs. A. V. Roe are concerned jointly in the extension scheme for the Lancashire club-house at Woodford, and their assistance is much appreciated.

Club Notes

WITH a view to assisting air tourists the Royal Aero Club has formed a special department to deal with air-route and aerodrome information, Customs formalities, etc. The charge to Club members for a Customs Carnet covering a light 'plane up to £1,000 in value is 25s., and to non-members the fee is an additional guinea. Major Travers has been teaching the London members to fly in formation, a kind of Club aerial drill which gives confidence to young pilots, who are afraid to get too near another machine in the air.

Presents for Men

The articles shown in the above group are:—

9-ct. Gold Slide Action **Cigarette Case,** engine-turned, 3⅛ × 2½ ins. .. .. **£10 · 10 · 0**

9-ct. Gold **Cigarette Lighter,** 1⅝ × 1⅛ ins., engined-turned .. .. **£6 · 10 · 0**

9-ct. Gold **Ever-Point Pencil,** engine-turned, length 4¼ ins., with compartment for reserve leads and clip for pocket .. .. **£3 · 5 · 0**

9-ct. Gold Engine-turned **Pocket Knife,** length 2⅞ ins., 2 blades.. .. .. **£2 · 5 · 0**

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The problem of selecting a present for a man is happily solved by a visit to the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. From such a choice as awaits you here, something appropriate, in kind and in price, something original, is certain to suggest itself.

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

TIME THE UMPIRE

A Fancy from Lord's

OVER the Scorer's Box he keeps
Watch and ward on the famous ground,
Old man Time: For aye he reaps
Golden hours as the sun goes round.
Middlesex men are in form to-day.
Hark to the crowd as they cheer their tricks!
But Time the Umpire stops the play,
He pockets the bails at half-past six.

. . . .

Year by year at the birth of May
Sportsmen flock to the opening match;
Cricketers all! So keen are they
For a boundary hit or a clever catch:
Surrey and Sussex, Yorkshire, Kent,
And all the rest of them try their tricks!
But Time the Umpire, old and bent,
He pockets the bails at half-past six.

. . . .

'Tis said that at times on the famous green,
When London sleeps and the moon is high,
A wonderful cricket match is seen
With phantom players of years gone by:
Giants of old in a grand display,
With Grace to show them his batting tricks!
Till Time the Umpire signals "Day,"
And pockets the bails at half-past six.

C. D. H.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *Photograph* *By Underwood*

A SWIMMING SUIT AND WRAP FOR ENGLISH BEACHES

Nothing could be more practical and decorative than this bathing outfit from Swan and Edgar, for it will appeal equally to the serious swimmer and the sun worshipper. Made of black wool stockinette, the suit and coat have appliquéd motifs of sunshine yellow, the little cap being bordered with this colour. A summer scene is depicted on the gay cretonne sunshade

Tailored Suits in Printed Chiffon

By Olive Caley Smith

A beautiful coiffure by Stewart. The loose permanent waves are carried down to the nape of the neck, where there is a cluster of tiny curls

An Inspiration

SURELY dress designers must be the most fertile-minded people in the world. So many sartorial surprises have been showered upon us since the Spring that we have become accustomed to such astounding alliances as those of tweed and lace, linen and straw (the former for the suit, and the latter for the blouse), lamé and wool—but who could have dreamt of seeing a neatly tailored cardigan suit made of printed chiffon, and belted with leather? Yet the result is admirable. There are many women who can never feel really comfortable in a trailing dress with loose draperies—but there are occasions which plainly demand colourful frocks of some diaphanous fabric. Here, then, is a very happy solution to their problem. Imagine such a suit expressed in a tawny hued chiffon with a black ground. The dress has a box-pleated skirt set into a tucked hip band, a golden lizard belt encircling the waist. There is a soft cowl collar on the simple blouse, and the cardigan coat is piped with black. An absolutely plain black hat completes the ensemble.

To Greet the Sun

WHEN the summer really does arrive the loveliest of dresses will be shaken free from their crisp wrappings and donned with great eagerness, for their return to femininity lends them an added charm and surrounds them with an aura of mystery. Even sports frocks have developed unsuspected guiles, and though they remain eminently neat and practical yet they have an air of attractive sophistication. There is, for instance, an enormous amount of detail in the tennis dress sketched on this page. It is called the Amazon, and is made of heavy washing silk. The little sleeves are the newest vogue, and groups of pleats at the back and front add fullness to the skirt. It may be obtained in pastel hues as well as in white, and it costs 6 gns. at Robinson and Cleaver's, of Regent Street, where there is a splendid selection of washing silk dresses from 49s. 6d.

Heavy washing silk is used for this smart but practical tennis dress from Robinson and Cleaver. Short sleeves are Fashion's latest edict

Sketches by Margot

Well-groomed Heads

WITH the Season at its height there is a never-ceasing round of important functions, and a good deal of attention has consequently to be paid to the hair. Those who go to Stewart, of 80, New Bond Street, and 225, Regent Street, can always rest assured that they are looking their best, for the highly trained posticheurs there study each client with the eye of an artist and are thus able to subtly emphasise their best features. Illustrated at the head of this page is a charming permanently waved coiffure created by Stewart. The fashionable loose waves give it an absolutely natural appearance, and the curled ends most satisfactorily solve the problem of growing tresses. The charge for permanently waving a shingled head is only 3 gns., or 4 gns. for a bobbed head or long hair.

Jewels Enshrined

A ROOM where the sun always shines—such is the new salon at Cartier's, which extends from their New Bond Street premises to Albemarle Street, where there is now a new entrance. Two beautifully wrought-iron grills mark the three sections of the room—one devoted to presents for men; another to gold, silver and lacquer; and a third to watches and clocks. One exquisite example of the latter showed a carved jade figure gazing down into a limpid pool whereon floated coral flowers centred with pearls. At the touch of a switch a shining moon was reflected in the water, and this, on closer inspection, proved to be the delicately marked face of a clock.

(Continued on page 470)

Janet Jevons.

MRS. ROY ROYSTON.

A recent portrait of the charming wife of one of London's leading actors, Mr. Roy Royston, who has scored such a brilliant success in 'Cochran's Revue' and who, as is the case with so many of our prominent artistes, will shortly be leaving for America to play lead in one of their forthcoming musical productions. Mrs. Roy Royston will be at home there since she was, before her marriage, Mrs. George Gould. She is seen here in one of Chanel's latest models in 'Celanese' Georgette.

THE HEAVENS OPENED (continued from page 454)

Don't make any mistake. I have a great deal of sympathy for J. G. Williams, and what happened to him at Woollacombe Bay. The only trouble with him was that he'd never looked at himself and seen what manner of man he was. But, after all, he wasn't the only one. . . .

It rained and it rained and the gouts of spume lived on the window-panes. And the rattle of that hotel was like the rattle of intensive machine-gun fire. The children couldn't go on the sands, and, naturally, they lost their tempers. Elizabeth Emily did her best, but what with getting no sleep at night, and the nurse giving notice, and J. G. Williams always being in the American Bar, she got rather ragged.

As for J. G. Williams himself, he began to go mad. Here he was, with no time to live, making a grand gesture, and just because . . . well, just because, as they put it in *The Times*, "a deep depression centred over the South of Ireland. . . ."

Yes, J. G. Williams began to go mad. That is to say, he became his real self. The weather had defeated his pose. All the clichés he had lived by were stultified. He saw his children as screaming, intolerable brats; he saw his life as one enormous, frightful waste of time. He wanted to shriek at the top of his voice, "I've got about three weeks to live, and I've never lived at all. . . !"

On the twelfth day, for about the thousandth time, Elizabeth Emily asked him how he felt. He looked at her with red eyes, and he hit her in the face. Then something seemed to crack in the middle of his head, and his knees gave. He never heard Elizabeth Emily screaming, or the rushing to and fro, or the telephoning. J. G. Williams was dead.

There had, of course, to be an inquest. The management of the hotel were most unpleasant about it. There was a post-mortem. The doctors found that James Gerard Williams had died of a sudden stroke. His organs were perfectly sound. The whole thing was a mystery to Elizabeth Emily. She couldn't understand it at all. So *unlike* dear James . . . to hit her like that. But, of course, she never told anybody about that particular incident. She told herself that James was "not himself." Whereas, as we know, he was—for the first time in his life. But why disillusion Elizabeth Emily? She wore black and told her intimate friends that "a great soul had passed."

James was cremated. Several members of his club who had nothing better to do attended the service. They shook hands with Elizabeth Emily and told her what a straight, good fellow James was. "He'd be missed at the Club," they said solemnly. He wasn't. Nobody ever is.

While the service was going on Sir Godfrey Brancaster was pinning another patient with those magnetic eyes.

"It is my duty to tell you . . ." he was saying, just as if he was in church. Five guineas. But, after all, he may have been right that time. . . .

I believe I promised you a moral. What about "Honesty is the best Policy"? Or not!

J. H. T.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page 468)

THE ART OF INTERIOR DECORATION

A Wonderful Modern Room

The art of interior decorating is developing so rapidly, and so many new substances are being exploited, that it is one of the most interesting studies of the present day. Especially the treatment of various woods is proving a revelation, and hitherto unsuspected beauties are being brought to light. On this page is a photograph of the Empire Room at the Trocadero, which is a magnificent example of modern treatment. The walls are composed of shaped panels of beautifully figured sycamore, the whole of the woodwork, which shows marvellous craftsmanship, being carried out by Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, to the designs of O. P. Bernard, Esq. One of the most interesting features is a wall which rises from the floor and, in a few minutes, transforms the Banqueting Hall into two separate rooms. This wall is complete on both sides with all the decorations and electric lights exactly as on the other walls of the room.

The Empire Room at the Trocadero—a banqueting hall in the modern manner. Hamptons, of Pall Mall East, have panelled the walls with beautifully figured sycamore, and so delicate is the marking and colour of this wood that no photograph can do it justice

Period Rooms and Furnishing Fabrics

For more than a century Hamptons have specialised in structural alterations and every form of decorating, and whether it be a small flat, an old mansion or a modern house they devise schemes which, while affording the maximum of convenience in each room, harmonise perfectly with the style of the building. They specialise particularly in period rooms, antiques, and wonderful furnishing fabrics, and are always willing to give the benefit of their invaluable advice to those who seek their aid. They are also renowned for the excellence of their window blinds and loose covers, which are perfectly made, while their household cleaning and dyeing service is a tremendous boon. A visit should certainly be paid to their showrooms, if only to inspect the carpets and hand-loomed linens, while their furniture and accessories are a source of never-failing delight to those who appreciate the true value of colour and form.

Healthy Hair is All Important

Nothing can detract so much from a man or woman's appearance as hair which is dull, colourless or thin, and nothing has a more ageing effect. It therefore behoves everybody in these competitive days to avoid these ills, for it can easily be done. Factative is guaranteed to be a perfectly harmless compound entirely free from harmful dyes, which stimulate the growth of the hair, and at the same time recreates its colour by invigorating the roots. It produces gradual results, and is very easily applied. Furthermore, it does not stain either the skin or linen. It costs 10*s.* 6*d.* a bottle post free, and can only be obtained from the Factative Company, 66, Victoria Street, S.W., who will send further particulars to anybody who writes.

A Useful Booklet

Dresses for the day and evening, wraps for formal functions and for sports wear, charming hats and accessories, delightful lingeries and a host of household things and children's clothes are charmingly illustrated in the Summer catalogue issued by Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street. There is also a brochure devoted to British boots and shoes for everyone, and they will be pleased to send copies of these useful guides to anybody mentioning the name of this paper.

BY MERCER

IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY . . .

The Capstan
"Flat-Fifty"
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CAPSTAN

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C.C.295

WHAT ABOUT THE WHITES?

By "No. 1"

THE Greens beat the Whites by twelve goals to five in the third International trial, and the Whites contained three of the probable four players selected for the International team. From the first it was obvious that the absence of Captain Roark from the Whites made the balance of play very uneven. He was replaced by H. C. Walford, who, on his present form, is not fit to aspire to international honours.

W. A. Rouch

THE WHITES

Representing England, who were beaten by the Greens by twelve goals to five in the recent International trial which took place at Roehampton. They are Major G. H. Phipps Hornby (left), Mr. H. C. Walford, Captain C. Tremayne and Mr. H. P. Guinness

THE GREENS W. A. Rouch

Who won such a decisive victory over their opponents in the International trial at Roehampton. Their names are Mr. S. Sandford (left), Mr. G. Balding, Capt. C. T. Roark and Mr. A. Roark. They were seven goals up at the end of the second chukker

THE Greens were represented by S. Sandford, both Roarks and Balding. R. Roark and Balding have learned most of their polo in America, and have come over here with a very high reputation. They show every promise of developing into international players of a high order.

FOR future test matches to be really useful Sandford should undoubtedly be dropped from the Green team as soon as possible and his place taken by the best No. 1 available, and of these there is no question that Mr. George is probably the best.

WE have an interesting problem in front of us, for recently the probable team (with the exception of one player) selected to go to America was thoroughly beaten. Considering, therefore, that Balding and Roark have shown themselves to be first-class players, and Captain Roark is known to be one of the best in this country, it would seem that the wisest plan would be to build up a side round these three players, substituting the best available No. 1 in place of Sandford, and for them to play against the strongest side that Captain Tremayne can select.

IT seems a pity that the team selected by Captain Tremayne should have been broken up so early, but as it is an accomplished fact it is better to face it and waste no further time. It has been said that Captain Roark is essentially a No. 2, but, judging by his play, there is no reason to suppose that he would not make an equally good No. 3, and very probably he would make an excellent captain on the ground.

A FAMILY FOUR Alfieri

An Australian team composed of four brothers, Mr. P. S. Ashton, Mr. G. G. Ashton, Mr. J. H. Ashton and Mr. R. R. Ashton. They are playing a lot of polo in this country during the season

MOTOR NOTES

The new R.A.C. signposts, which enable motorists to see clearly what road they ought to take before reaching the junctions. These posts are rectangular in shape, without the customary arms, and are placed about a hundred yards from the cross-roads or turning facing the oncoming traffic. The names of the various towns are abbreviated in large letters, with the full name in smaller type underneath, while arrows indicating the proper direction are placed by each name

DAIMLER DELIGHTS

By E. M. Wright

FOR thirty years the Daimler Company has set out to cater for that section of motorists who normally employ a chauffeur. With the march of progress and possibly, shall I hint? social and economic changes, it is realised that nowadays there is an opening amongst the same class of people for an owner-driver type of car. The result is the new 25 h.p. six-cylinder Daimler, which, introduced at the last Olympia Show, created an unusual amount of interest. I have just had a trial of one of the earliest production models, and find it a really fascinating example of the luxury car.

***

A GREATLY enlivened performance has been obtained by the dual step of increasing the power output from a given size of engine—in this case a six-cylinder sleeve-valve of roughly 3½ litres capacity—and by reducing the weight, largely by the extensive use of aluminium alloys, in which the Daimler concern has had exceptional experience. As a result the power-to-weight ratio is much higher than in former Daimler cars and the performance correspondingly livelier. Recent experience with bus engines has also stood the company in good stead. It seems odd to associate the bus with a luxury car of this type, because the average private owner, at any rate in the London district, probably does not realise the enormous extent of the business done in vehicles made by the Associated Daimler Company. As Mr. L. H. Pomeroy said to me recently, the bus engine is the hardest worked power unit on the road to-day, and engineers and motorists can learn a great deal from its behaviour.

***

THE whole chassis of the new Twenty-five is designed for the owner-driver, with a view to ease of maintenance as well as of driving. Though central chassis lubrication is not adopted, Silentbloc bushing is applied at all the points that usually need frequent greasing, and the few lubrication points remaining require attention at only very infrequent intervals. Of the many advantages of the sleeve-valve engine, the chief is one that will immediately appeal to the owner-driver, namely, that it needs no attention for tens of thousands of miles, and actually improves instead of deteriorating with use. The difficulty of lubricating the steel sleeves when the engine is cold and flooded with a rich petrol mixture is overcome by a remarkable automatic device for priming them with oil. There is an oil-cooling radiator, an exceptional and really useful refinement. Filling up with engine oil, reading the level and cleaning the filter are made delightfully easy operations, the filter, for example, being cleaned by merely turning a handle. The ignition, which is by coil, has an automatic advance. The brakes, assisted by Dewandre vacuum servo mechanism, are of the usual Daimler efficiency, and a feature is, of course, the single-point adjustment easily accessible under the bonnet, which means that the brakes should never need skilled attention until the linings are worn out after years of use.

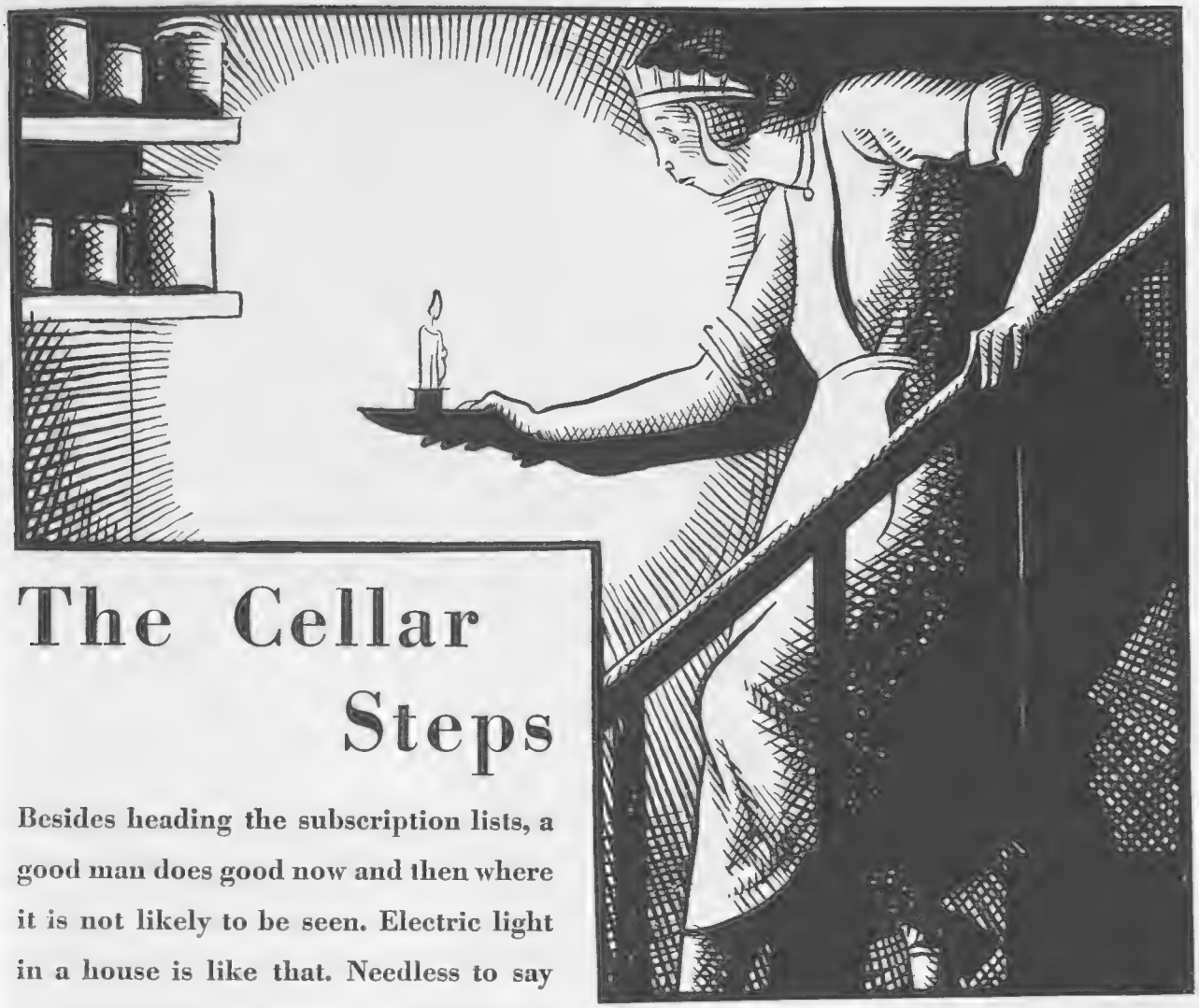
***

IT will be seen from the accompanying photograph that the chassis is exceptionally low for a Daimler. Added to first-class suspension on long, flat semi-elliptic springs, this gives excellent road-holding and cornering and a feeling of safety and comfort under all conditions that it would be difficult to exaggerate. An enormous tank is fitted at the rear holding 18 gallons, and the petrol tap with the clearly marked reserve position is under the dashboard, while there is also a gauge. Another feature that will appeal to the owner-driver is the easily detachable yet rattle-proof bonnet sides and top. Everything is most beautifully finished. The standard engine is finished just like that of a show exhibit.

(Continued on page iv)

A safety first franco sign attached to a telegraph post on the Great North Road which reflects the lights of passing cars and warns drivers how near the side of the road they are going. These devices are particularly useful at dangerous corners

The R.A.C. Safety Post, which has readily detachable lenses capable of being transferred to a new post with a minimum of trouble. A further advantage lies in that a shallow groove is cut at ground level, thus making a weak point at which the post, breaks in two in the event of impact. Thus, should a vehicle collide with the post, the top part snaps off clean, leaving no jagged edges to cause damage to the underparts of the car



The Cellar Steps

Besides heading the subscription lists, a good man does good now and then where it is not likely to be seen. Electric light in a house is like that. Needless to say it's in the drawing room: but there are obscure places in the house to which only Madam and the maids ever go, where you will find it doing good in secret. In that deep linen cupboard, so that you don't mistake tablecloths for sheets—or on the cellar steps, so that you won't have to pay damages for an ankle or a hip. In a country house electric light makes all the difference to life. Almost any house can have it—great or small—and the cost is perhaps not as much as you were told. At any rate—enquire.

Chloride Storage Batteries

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Please send me your booklet on electric lighting for

- ☐ small houses
- ☐ medium-sized houses
- ☐ large houses

Mark with a X the booklet required.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

By 2. .....

Ch. 2

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page ii*)

ON driving the car away, one of the first features to strike one in its performance is the power developed at low speeds. Acceleration from 20 m.p.h. upwards is also quite exceptionally good, and it is, of course, this capacity for being able to regain a fast cruising speed after temporary checks that enables one to maintain a very high average on long journeys without strain or fatigue. At high speeds the engine is not so quiet or vibrationless as I should have liked; but I suppose that in obtaining a performance so greatly in advance of anything previously attempted some sacrifice of other qualities at certain speeds was inevitable. The gear ratios are fairly high. At 60 m.p.h. the engine is only doing 2,600 r.p.m.; 3,000 is only reached at its maximum speed of nearly 70 m.p.h.

***

THE car I tried was an ordinary catalogue model, the Special (Weymann) saloon at £1,250. Points I liked were the Leveroll fitting for rapid adjustment of the front seats and the organ pedal type of accelerator, which does much to add to the delightful ease of driving this car. Another good feature is that an exceptional degree of lock is provided for a car of this size. The turning circle is only 40ft. in diameter, *i.e.* less than that of many a car of 16 h.p. Altogether, this new Daimler is a remarkably fine production, and its performance particularly good in view of the fact that it is a new model in its first year of production. Deliveries are now coming through very well. The chassis price is £700, and there are many styles of coachwork designed especially for the car. Of these, a particularly attractive example is the model shown in the above photograph of a saloon de luxe at £1,250, while a coupé cabriolet at £1,025 is well worth the money, and is an excellent car in every respect.

A CAR FOR THE OWNER DRIVER

A new Daimler Twenty-five, fitted with a special Weymann saloon body, priced at £1,250. It is seen in a picturesque setting at Mill Hill

THE whole of the car parking arrangements at the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon from June 23rd to July 5th will be in the hands of the A.A. Four parks will be available, two reserved and two unreserved. When applying for space in the reserved parks motorists should state whether they hold tickets for "A" days or "B" days, or both. The charge for both "A" and "B" periods is £1 1s. per car, or £2 2s. for the whole of the meeting. Discs will be supplied to those reserving space, and if these are prominently displayed on the cars it will facilitate entry into the parks. Unreserved space is available at 2s. 6d. a day for cars and 1s. a day for motor cycles. A daily ticket may be obtained in advance for 3s. All enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, the Automobile Association, New Coventry Street, W.1.

***

MOTORISTS who intend touring the Continent should note that valuable concessions have been granted British visitors in France and Holland. In the latter country British subjects owning or renting property for temporary occupation need not take out an *Acquit-à-Caution*, which is only valid for six months. They may now import their cars under the ordinary Triptyque or *Carnet de Passage en Douane*, which are valid for a year. E. M. W.

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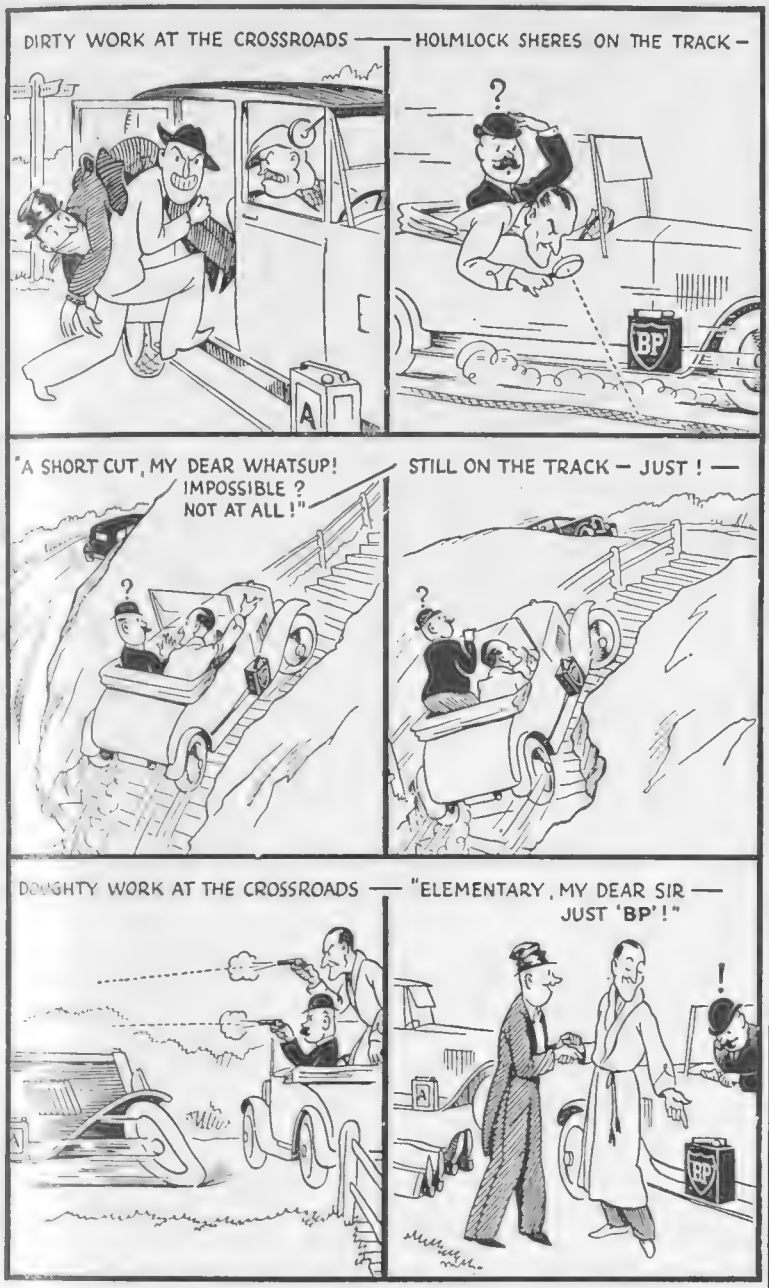

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SEAWORTHY SWIFT & SAFE!

The DESPUJOL
Fast Ocean-going Cabin Cruiser

THE following is a brief specification of this luxurious cruiser. Full particulars will be sent on request, or a demonstration will gladly be arranged. Delivery can be made within six weeks. Overall Length 45ft. 6ins. Beam 9ft. Draft 2ft. 3ins. Two 200 h.p. Scripps engines of latest design. Speed guaranteed 28 m.p.h. Constructed of three-skin mahogany; keel, stern and stem of oak. Planking in mahogany. Separate accommodation forward for crew of two. Saloon quarters include Pullman-type bunks with 2 Vi-spring bunks. The boat is lavishly equipped in every detail, and modern refinements such as chromium plating are extensively utilised.

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Demonstration by Appointment

SHOOTING NOTES

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS *Sport and General*

Fine Irish Setter Puppies, complete with an outsize in bones, seen at the Worthing Open Dog Show organised by the Sussex Association, recently held at Offington Park, Worthing. They are the property of Miss B. Wells

A MIXED "BAG"

By "Clodhopper"

A PERTHSHIRE correspondent tells me that, despite cold easterly winds and ground frosts, grouse on the moors amidst which he resides have done remarkably well so far. The earlier broods have arrived, and a few light "warm" showers and soft south or south-westerly breezes are all that are required to render the final phase of the period of incubation on the Scottish grouse-moors ideal. The same remark, apparently, applies to the Northern deer-forests, for, although there is no scarcity of grass at the present time, cold weather and sharp night frosts draw a great deal of nutriment from it. And there are no greater detriments to the growth of young horns, good heads, and weights than cold winds and frost during May and June. Warm, open spring weather and soft showers of rain, on the other hand, mean rich grass, fine heads, and fat venison. Generally speaking, however, reports from the Highland forests are favourable enough, seeing that it is still early in the year, and very soon now the deer should show a marked improvement in regard to weight and condition.

THERE is such a demand for deer-forests and grouse-moors that rentals have, in not a few cases, been increased. As mentioned in my notes a few weeks ago, many of the best moors and forests have been leased to sportsmen from "Gawd's own country, across the lil' ole herrin' pond." Well, they can afford to pay big rentals for the privilege of shooting over the estates of our Socialist-ridden and tax-burdened landlords, who, more often than not, can hardly afford to purchase cartridges nowadays, and much less to shoot on their own moors and manors. One imagines, however, that the average Yankee experiences some difficulty in persuading the canny Scots to believe that a superabundance of dollars and bluff represent the Alpha and Omega of sportsmanship and game shooting. Sandy is uncommonly quick in sifting chaff from wheat, and I remember overhearing the following conversation between two Highland loaders, one of whom had acted as henchman to a certain distinguished sportsman from Chicago: "Phatt kind of shot may Mr. —— be, Donald?" "Weel, mon, no' so bad for a Yank, an' were ye to stick one o' his ain cans o' pork and beans on yon quicken-bush, I hae no doot but he'd wing it sax shots out o' twelve."

No, the average American sportsman does not shine brilliantly when shooting at driven grouse or partridges, good though he may be at clay-birds and "dogging." But, even so, how on earth would this poor little "ole" country of ours manage to exist without at least a leaven of U.S.A. citizens to grace her Royal courts, Society functions, and sporting events? No, sire, you can bet your bottom dollar she couldn't.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

KEEP AN EYE ON THE COVERTS

WHILE all thoughts are concentrated on the well-being of young pheasants, not to forget the little brown birds that have commenced incubation, there is a risk of overlooking an important provision for safeguarding the young broods. In due course, the time will come when pheasants must be moved to covert. If the coverts have been prepared beforehand for their reception, well and good, bags proportionate to the total of reared and wild birds will be forthcoming. If not—a guessing competition may be set going to explain the deficit. Many ingenious ideas might be put forward, but if the true one is vermin-infested coverts, it will be discreetly avoided in favour of what may be termed outside causes. Very often, almost generally, more care is lavished on the production of birds than on their protection after production. The alert master will already be familiar with the traps on his land, neat little tunnels which cater for the criminal tendency to sneak along by-ways so as to avoid any undue publicity. The tunnels are permanent, the traps duly attached to pegs. Peradventure, they may not be set nor receive the essential daily visit during a time full of preoccupations. Tactful inspection is a valuable incentive to the effort required.

THE news from the North Welsh moors is not so encouraging as the Scottish reports. That well-known "big-gunner" and salmon-fisher, Commander A. N. Gregory, R.N., of Ganllwyd, writes me to the effect that the heavy and continuous rain has already done some harm to early grouse broods and to black game nesting on the Merionethshire moors. Unless the weather improves very shortly, matters will become serious in regard to both the young grouse and the grey-hens which should now be sitting. Young black game are much more tender and difficult to rear than red grouse, and comparatively few of the former survive a wet summer. My correspondent goes on to say that trout fishing in the Welsh lakes and rivers has been but moderate so far, owing to the cold late spring and paucity of ephemera. But the fish will soon be at their best now, and a warm spell of weather is all that is required to assure good sport and heavy creels.

JUDGING by the numerous and strong broods of wild duck which I observed on the Lincolnshire fens a few days ago, those of the young mallard that escape the attention of the big pike inhabiting the meres and drains, and other predaceous enemies, will afford good sport in August.

I saw also two good broods of teal during my visit to the dyke-intersected levels, in search of a pair of bearded tits, reported to be nesting in the reed ponds, but which managed to elude my notice. Still more interesting than either teal or bearded tits—from my point of view at any rate—was a pair of garganey, or summer teal, which, with the aid of a pair of field-glasses, I discovered paddling together on a quiet and isolated reed-fringed fleet.

UPON two previous occasions only have I met with garganey teal on the Norfolk Broads during the breeding season, but never, to the best of my knowledge, in the shooting season. I was also glad to hear from the naturalist-owner of the fen that the Gadwall—locally known as the grey duck—is increasing in numbers in some marshes and fen districts of East Anglia, especially in West Norfolk.

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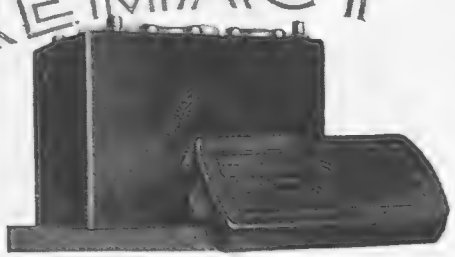

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DOGS

IT'S THEIR SEASON, TOO! By "The Kennelman"

TO-DAY and to-morrow, 28th and 29th, bring up-river Dog Shows at Henley and Maidenhead, and Spillers are benching and feeding a Show for the Garden County at Maidstone on Friday. The list for June is a long and attractive one, including many of the picnic variety, some, like Windsor's in the Home Park, on June 11, in very jolly surroundings. Pekingese will ruffle it at Ranelagh—the very spot for these gallants—on the 3rd; Taunton on the 5th, Reading on the 6th, Chesterfield on the 9th; on the 10th, Cockers at Chertsey and Airedales and Sealyhams at Regent's Park; Epping on the 12th, Oxford and Shrewsbury on the 19th, Bournemouth on the 25th, Hatfield and Winchester both on the 26th, Westcliff-on-Sea on the 28th, and on that same day a big Show in Antwerp. And many others are fixed for the leafy month, including one (in Spillers' hands) on Wednesday next at Exeter; so it's worth while making a note of these dates.

ONE felt pretty sure the brilliant success of the daily Champion Dogs' exhibition arranged by Spillers throughout the recent Ideal Home show at Olympia would be followed up in other parts. Spratts staged a similar daily display at the Manchester Brighter Homes Exhibition; excellently managed, and a very popular attraction.

AN artist in canine portraiture whose pictures adorn the walls of many doggy homes writes to point out that Show Secretaries display a poor regard for the true interests of Dogdom by their present practice of making a charge of a guinea, or even two guineas, for permitting an artist to paint a Dog's portrait at a Show. "Surely this branch of portraiture should be stimulated and encouraged, rather than penalised. What about the shop window aspect? Exhibitors and breeders really should get such an obstruction stopped." It is a fact that the world's best Dog-breeders (the British) are probably the world's worst and least enterprising advertisers. Which is, of course, absurd, and a pity.

FINE HEADS — Planet News

Leo of Reynolton, with Ardent, two of the finest Bloodhounds in England. They belong to Mr. Elms, of Brixton, and have won numerous prizes and trophies

WHERE feeding, grooming, housing and exercise are all adequate, Dogs ought not to be bothered by skin troubles, even at this time of year. Don't wash them too much, and when you do, use Sopex, not soap, for the Dog's skin is highly sensitive. The daily brushing is the important thing; with it dust in Pulvex powder, to warn off parasites and keep the skin cool, while a little orange and lemon juice in the food in hot weather is all to the good. Brushing, however, is, as I said, the chief thing to remember. It causes no trouble.

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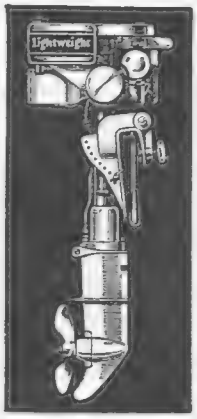

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Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
Salade à l'Anvers.

Mousse de Saumon (Iced).

Caneton en Casserole.
Petits Pois au Beurre.

Bananes à la Crème Frappée.

Petits Choux au Fromage.

Hors d'Œuvres

Salade à l'Anvers is made of lettuce with shredded chicken, ham and capsicums, in mayonnaise sauce, garnished with slices of potato.

Mousse de Saumon (Iced)

Have ready a china soufflé dish with a band of paper round. Take 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon, free from skin and bone, and pound it in a mortar. Then add to it half-pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of white leaf gelatine, and pepper and salt to taste. Rub through a sieve. Have ready half-pint of thick cream slightly salted, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in the soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two or three hours before serving. Decorate with chopped aspic or sprinkle with finely chopped truffle. Remove the paper band and serve.

The menu of a supper served at Chez Quaglino's, that popular resort in Bury Street

Caneton en Casserole

Put a partly cooked duck in a casserole with one ounce of flour, an ounce and a half of butter, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a sprig of thyme and parsley, a little onion juice, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, one of red currant jelly, and a little glaze. Cut the duck neatly into joints, melt the butter in the casserole, and toss the joints of duck in this. Then sprinkle in the flour, fry a pale brown, add the stock, and stir smoothly. Add the rest of the ingredients, and, if necessary, a few drops of colouring. Cover the casserole and let the contents simmer for half an hour. Take out the herbs, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Serve in the casserole.

Bananes à la Crème Frappée

Stew some bananas in syrup. Cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp spread them with strawberry jam and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a silver dish and cover them with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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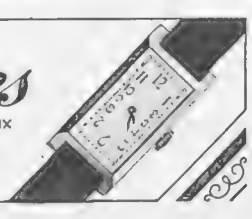

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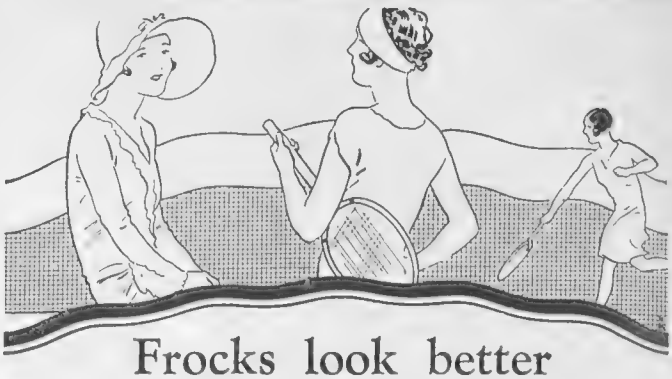

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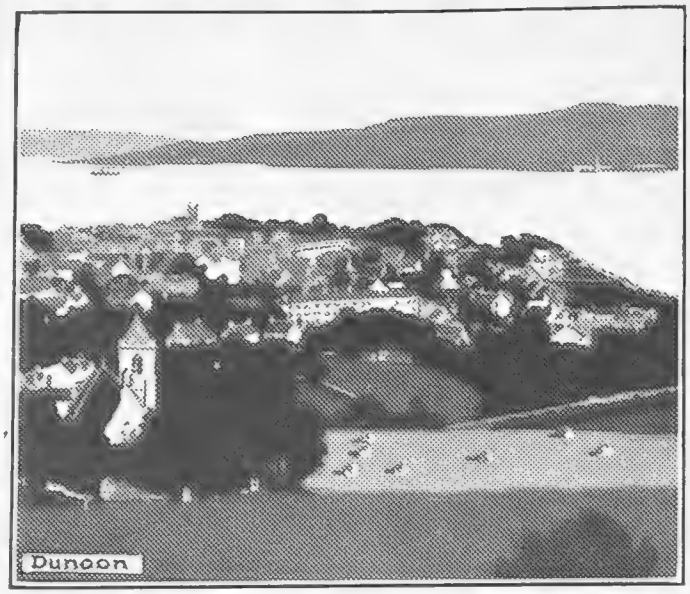

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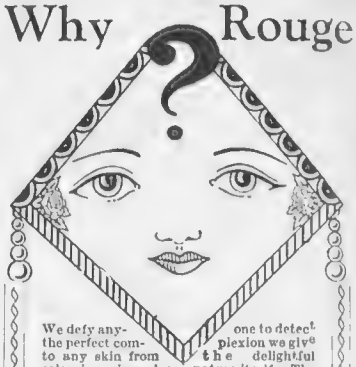

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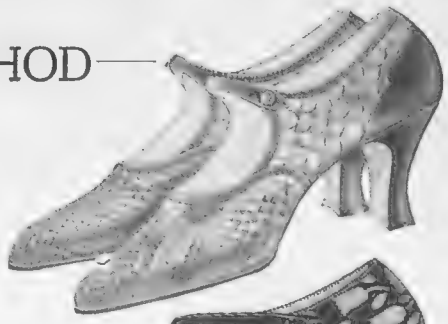

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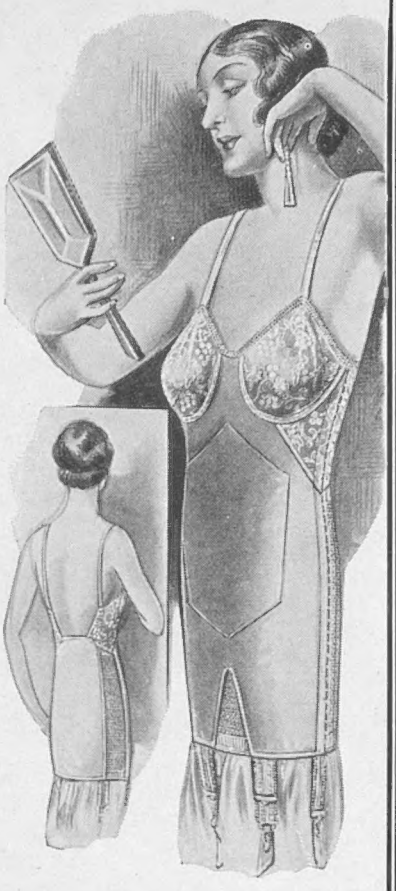

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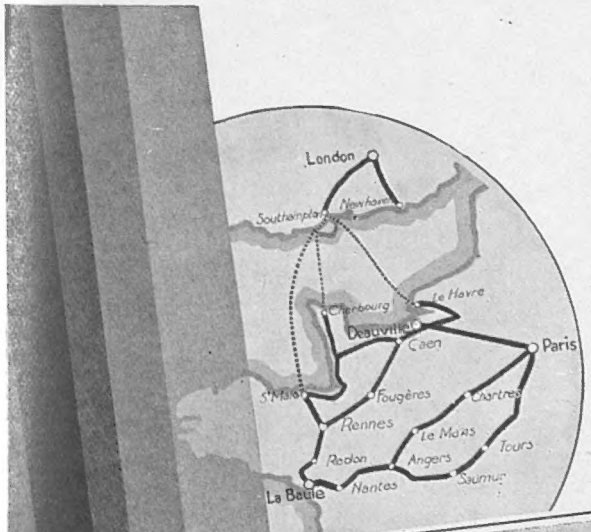

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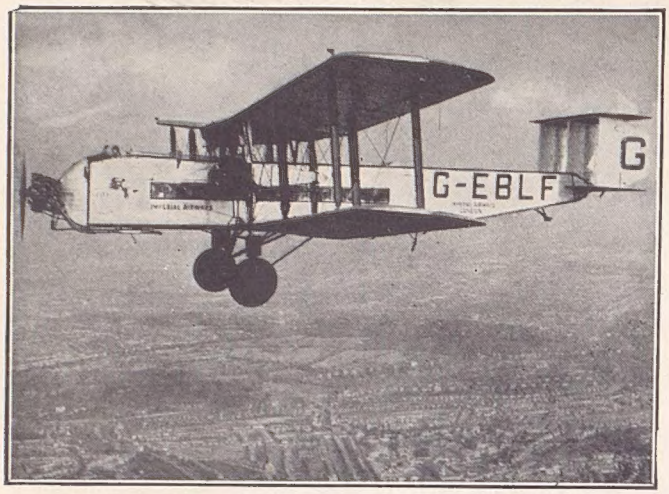

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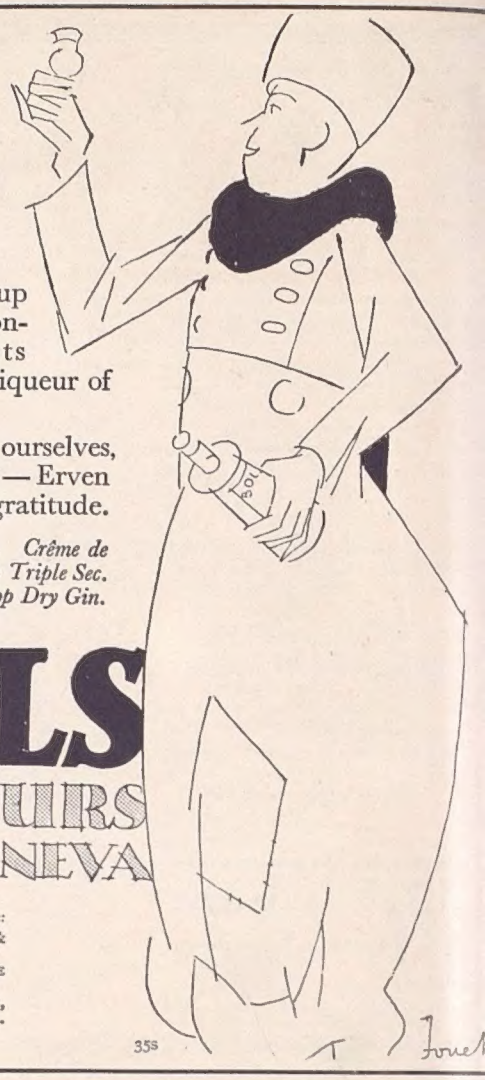

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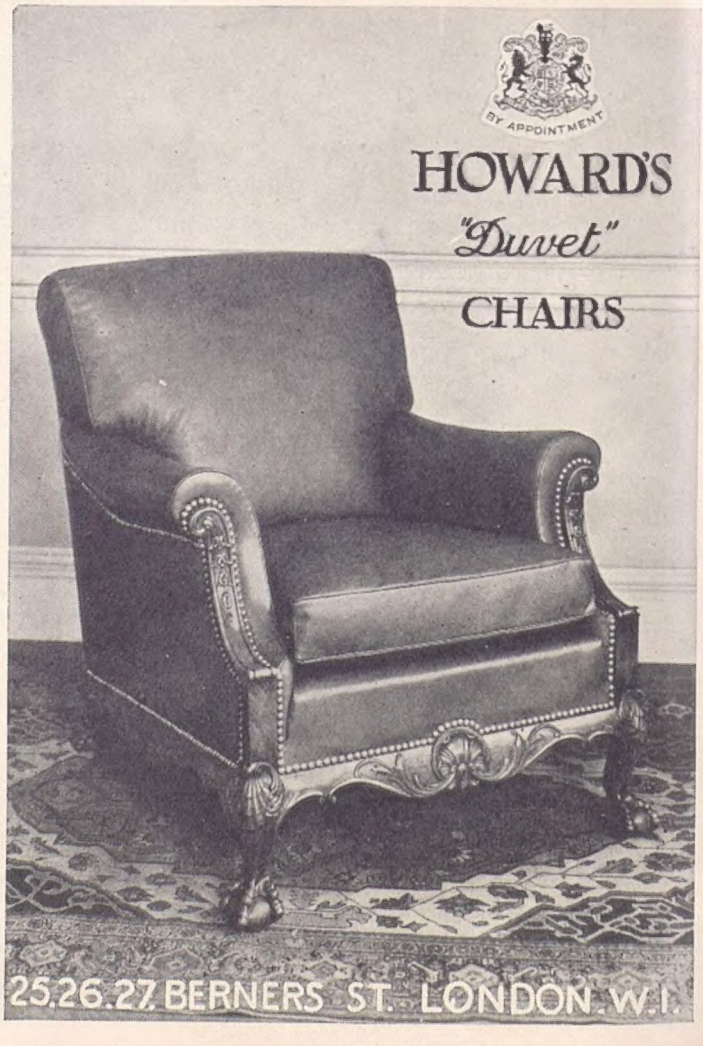

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The Confidences of Angela

"Almost Apoplectic with delight" . . . .

"You know the dear old Duchess? . . . I've made a friend of her for life, Ted. Yes. It was at Sandown. There she was on the lawn, waving lorgnettes and betting cards and what-nots. Looking for some kind bookie to take her bet on an outsider. Your little angel Angela flew to the rescue and I wired hers with mine to 'Duggie' . . . Her animal started 33's and by some miracle got second to the 6-to-4-on favourite . . . Ever seen a Duchess with a beaming countenance, Ted? . . . Yes. All over! And she became almost apoplectic with delight when I told her 'Duggie' would give her the full odds of 8 to 1 for a place. She netted over £70 instead of £15, for her own man never gives more than 5 to 2 a place in odds-on favourite races . . . She thinks 'Duggie' is wonderful, and he's put her, with other pages of Burke's, on his books."

SIR EDWARD:—"And, like you and I, Angela, the Duchess will get more *enthusiastic* every day about 'Duggie.'"

"Write—mention Angela—Duggie will do the rest."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON